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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE Prime Minister has announced that after the Government's defeat in Committee on a Liberal amendment forbidding a General Strike, the Trade Disputes Bill will be withdrawn. The Education Bill is now dead, and the Agricultural Marketing Bill has also been amended in a vital point—the prohibition of undercutting by the importation of produce from outside the prescribed area—but at the moment of writing the Cabinet's last little nigger boy, the Alternative Vote, is still precariously alive.

Apart from these unrealities, the disintegration of parties proceeds apace. The most spectacular event is the secession of Sir Oswald Mosley from

the Labour Party, and the publication of a manifesto with a definite economic policy and plan which is being praised and criticized as though it were something entirely new in economic theory and practice.

In actual fact the Mosley manifesto might have been written twenty-five years ago by the late Mr. Deakin; it is simply the "New Protection" which the Australian statesman defined and which the Commonwealth practised. It will be remembered that the Milner school of tariff-plus-social reform in this country was strongly attracted by some of its features.

Sir Oswald proposes to put four hundred candidates in the field at the next election, of whom half a dozen are already in evidence. I do not know where the 390 odd others are to come from—hardly

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from the Labour Party, which has many rebels but few actual deserters—but the movement is being taken more seriously in the country than in the Commons. The public has at least recognized a potential new leader. Parliament has merely resented it.

On the other side of the hedge, the Conservative Party has been covered by shame and confusion by the muddle in St. George's, Hanover Square, where an independent Conservative announced that he intended to stand for the vacancy caused by the death of Sir Worthington Evans. Colonel Moore-Brabazon was approached, and would have been an ideal choice as official candidate, but he withdrew on the ground that he could not support Mr. Baldwin.

Further delay followed, and it was suggested—perhaps in derision—that Mr. Baldwin had better contest the seat himself, since the leader of the party appeared to have no followers willing to fight for him. At the moment Mr. Duff Cooper is under consideration as a likely candidate, but the affair has still further weakened Mr. Baldwin's hold on his party.

The resignation of Sir Charles Trevelyan from the Liberal Government of 1914 made very little difference for good or evil to the then Prime Minister, and his resignation from the Labour Government in 1931 will make very little difference to the present Prime Minister. A Whig aristocrat of the classic type, he joined the Labour Party not because he was a Socialist but because he was a pacifist, and he has left the Government because he could not get his own way.

In cold fact, he was probably its most unpopular member. The Education Bill raised difficult but not insurmountable problems, but it was generally admitted that a reasonably satisfactory *modus vivendi* could have been found last summer. That such a *modus*, through sectarian and other difficulties, was not discovered, it is universally agreed, was entirely due to a complete lack of tact on the part of Sir Charles Trevelyan.

The unexpected death of Lord Russell—another Whig—is probably a greater loss to the Government than the resignation of Sir Charles Trevelyan. The two men were indeed poles asunder, for one was as warm-hearted as the other is cold, and as tactful in the current small change of social and political life as the other is tactless. Lord Russell would have made a better Secretary of State for India than his nominal superior, Mr. Bann; for he had at least backbone.

Grave disquiet is being expressed within the Conservative Party at the negotiations between the Viceroy of India and Mr. Gandhi. The conversations were reopened at Lord Irwin's suggestion, and he appears to have saved Mr. Gandhi's face in the matter of the salt tax, to have cried quits over the matter of civil disobedience, and to have agreed to tolerate peaceful picketing against British goods.

There might have been something to be said for give and take on the first point. There may be something to be said for letting the past bury its

dead on the second. But the third is a surrender which affects the future. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Mr. Gandhi got the best of the argument, and that with almost his last official act Lord Irwin has scored an apparent success which the next Viceroy will have to pay for.

The Franco-Italian Naval Agreement is a triumph for the permanent officials of the Foreign Office, and the attempt of the politicians to attract the limelight is a little too belated to be convincing. For form's sake no doubt the presence of Uncle Arthur and Mr. Alexander at the final meeting was essential, but as those two gentlemen apparently found time to spend part of their very short visit to Rome in a trip out to Tivoli, I remain sceptical as to the amount of actual work that either of them did.

The Press, always ready to take the present Government at its own valuation in foreign affairs, is loudly acclaiming the Foreign Secretary, quite forgetful of the fact that when Sir Austen Chamberlain adopted the same policy of seeking an understanding with France, at the suggestion of the United States, he was reviled by most of the newspapers and by the Labour Party. In these circumstances, I trust that the Prime Minister, in his attempt to reap a Socialist harvest as a result of this event, will not be allowed "to get away with it."

The elimination of the naval question from the points at issue between the two Latin Powers is a great step forward, and it is to be hoped that it is but a prelude to the settlement of the other problems in dispute. Signor Mussolini enormously enhanced his reputation by the Lateran Treaty, and if he can also settle the outstanding differences between France and Italy, he will be in a fair way to proving himself one of the greatest statesmen of modern times.

For the rest, it may well be that those responsible for the destinies of the two Latin Powers are becoming alarmed at the continued weakness of this country, combined with the unsettled state of Germany. Whether we like it or not, the real centres of Europe are now Paris and Rome, and Great Britain cannot expect to count for much until she has put her own house in order. That being so, a Franco-Italian hegemony is preferable to chaos, which is the only alternative.

The Franco-Italian naval agreement is being scrutinized somewhat anxiously in the countries interested in the revision of the Versailles Treaty. The apprehension is felt, if not publicly expressed, that Mussolini's sympathy with the countries chiefly affected might be diminished by an improvement in Franco-Italian relations. In Germany the moderate parties incline to the view that the added security which Europe would enjoy in consequence of an understanding between France and Italy outweighs any other considerations. This view is not shared, however, by the Nationalist opposition, which sees in Mussolini primarily the most important protagonist of the case for revision.

The German Nationalist opposition led by Herr Hitler and Herr Hugenberg is entering a critical stage. Supporters of the Nazis are apparently



not altogether pleased with the party's decision to leave the Reichstag. The great majority of Germans who voted for Herr Hitler's candidates last September are not National Socialists and they feel that they are being treated unfairly, as they went to the polls in order to be represented in the Reichstag, not to assist in a *beau geste*. The opinion is prevalent that the Nationalist opposition, if it wishes to retain its following in the country, will have to abandon its present unproductive policy of limiting itself to acrimonious criticism and shoulder its fair share of responsibility.

It is difficult to understand the symbolism of the new statuary on the rebuilt Bank of England. As these Sandow-like male figures are nude, they can hardly be intended to represent the directors, nor, one supposes, the customers of the Bank. The City has discarded the top-hat; it is to be hoped this is not a hint that in future trousers will become optional.

It was surprising to see Mr. James Douglas indicting the public schools and universities on the ground that "they convert normal boys into abnormal men." I, too, have heard rude things said about these institutions, and have on occasion said rude things myself about their preposterous claim to "train character" and to "produce the backbone of the nation," but the usual complaint against them is exactly the opposite of that made by Mr. Douglas.

The trouble with the public school to-day is that in the first place it is far too large, and has, therefore, mechanized its discipline and training in the interest of forced mass-production; and in the second place, it tends, in consequence, to kill initiative and originality among those who come under its system. So far from desiring to turn out the abnormal, as Mr. Douglas supposes, its one passionate desire is to breed towards the normal, and to turn out a species of gentlemanly robots.

I sometimes wonder that the Individualist Society, whose monthly luncheons consist in the main of denunciations of politicians, do not occasionally turn their attention to criticizing the public schools, with their intolerance of any marked individuality in boyhood. Potential genius is no doubt rare enough among schoolboys, but by the time the heavy roller of school-life has gone over them it is rarer still, for this is the boy whom house-masters detest and other schoolboys bully. But these exceptions who are thought eccentric have imagination, and if not crushed into the ordinary mould of convention, they may make the inventions and discoveries on which the progress of civilization depends.

Every now and then the public reads—or does not read—a letter or complaint in the papers about the under-payment of hospital nurses, which has always been gross and scandalous. What is everybody's business, however, is nobody's business, and nothing has ever been done, for a simple reason. The supply has always exceeded the demand, which has meant that the

hospitals have been able to make their own terms, and also that matrons have been able to exercise a petty tyranny over their staffs which, to an outsider, has been almost incredible.

Now, however, reform seems to be at hand. An enquiry by the *Lancet* shows that the surplus of female labour available to the hospitals is diminishing, owing to the increased opportunities for women in other spheres; with the result that the conditions are to be improved. It was high time, for since the Mrs. Gamps of the trade gave way to the Florence Nightingales, the world has been content to look on nurses as ministering angels, and to pay them accordingly—in praise rather than pudding.

Nursing is the only form of sweated labour which has been efficient, but that is because it has appealed to ethical rather than economic motives, as all medicine must. It will still, one hopes, continue to do so, but at least hospital nurses should get something nearer a square deal in future. Whether it will be possible to do so within the voluntary system, which is obviously in decay here as everywhere else in the modern world, is another matter.

My criticisms of the film censorship are generally based on its vetoes; it should also be blamed for licensing 'Mechanism of the Brain.' This Russian film, which was publicly shown on Sunday last, may be of some value to students of psychology, but the showing on the screen of experiments on children and animals, together with the reflexes of congenital idiots and syphilitics, goes beyond the boundary of legitimate entertainment. The continuous accompaniment of sniggers with which the film was received, by an audience consisting mainly of young people, was alone an argument against its presentation.

The *Times* Shanghai correspondent's telegram last Monday was bad reading for British investors in the Shanghai-Nanking Railway. After meeting working expenses, there will only be Mexican \$3,000,000 available, during the present fiscal year. of the \$13,000,000 required for interest amortization and payment for material purchased abroad, and "it is stated that the railway is faced with bankruptcy." This railway nearly defaulted last December, but the Minister of Finance heroically came to the rescue. The Chinese plea of low silver and consequent extra cost of maintenance is not the whole story.

By letters exchanged between the Ministry of Railways and the British and Chinese Corporation on January 22, 1930, the latter virtually abdicated the control of the railway which they had exercised as trustees of the British investors, and the management passed to the Chinese, as in fact it had done a year before. The results of two years' Chinese control are unhappily apparent. Although numbers of the much-advertised "expensive" foreign staff were dismissed, the wages bill had increased, even a year ago, by over 21 per cent., owing to the swarms of Chinese employees who were poured into all departments.

## NEW PARTIES REFLECT NEW PRINCIPLES

SIR OSWALD MOSLEY'S breakaway is a sign of the times. The old England is breaking up and parties are breaking up with it. The process reveals subtle variations of temperament. The Tory treats his leader like the weather and grumbles, more or less in private. The Liberal illustrates his independence of judgment by publicly quarrelling with his colleagues. The Labour man, true to his party's tradition of self-assertion, goes off on his own. All three are saying the same thing in different ways. All agree that we can no longer jog along in the old style.

What is it that has produced this general sense of dissatisfaction not only among politicians but among the electorate? It is the discovery that the Parliamentary machine, organized as it was during the nineteenth century to dispose of the political issue of freedom, is incompetent to deal with the economic issue of welfare. The old Parliament knew its own limitations. It held that every one could mind its own business best. That doctrine has broken down. Its application has littered England with the wreckage of human lives, and our present social problem is the result of a century of economic individualism. The question for our time is to what extent and in what way the State shall mind the business of its citizens.

Among the answers to these questions are two which are based on the nineteenth-century tradition. We can accept the Benthamite notion of the State as part policeman, part referee, and say that every man is to mind his own business except in so far as he shocks us. We can then go on to say that our social consciences are tenderer than they used to be and that we can no longer let employers treat their labour as they choose, provided that the fatal word "slavery" is ostentatiously avoided. This line of thought brings us to the humanitarian radicalism which had its last chance in the 1906 Parliament.

Opposed to this, at the other extreme, is the line of thought which dwells upon the admitted limitations of private enterprise. There were two types of business which old-fashioned orthodoxy took out of individual hands. The first was commercial undertakings of which the profits, though certain, were very distant. This group covers such projects as afforestation, irrigation, the drainage of marshes and the like. Such matters were left to the State because in the nineteenth century nobody except Cecil Rhodes was able to raise capital for a business undertaking which would not pay dividends within ten years.

The second type of business was that which could only function effectively if it were monopolized. But monopoly involves the control of profits if the public interest is to be adequately safeguarded, and the nineteenth century, which did not lack the courage of its convictions, saw to it that this control was complete. Hence the Post Office and all forms of public municipal services.

It is fashionable nowadays to take long views. It is also fashionable to insist on the tendency of efficient production towards monopoly. It follows that all businesses fall under one or other of the two heads just described, and, this development once perceived, the demand that the State should take over all businesses is logically made. And so we reach the thorough-going State socialism with which Mr. Maxton's name is now, rightly or wrongly, associated.

Between these two opposed standpoints lie two other schools of thought, the one inclining to individualism, the other to socialism. It may be argued that even though a man knows his own business best, the conditions under which he conducts it are beyond his control, and that the State can, and should, modify these conditions in his favour. This is the whole case for a tariff as it is generally presented nowadays. The British producer is handicapped, largely by circumstances, such as taxation, for which the State is responsible. Therefore it is only right that the State should impose a counter-handicap on the foreigner. They err miserably who say that the demand for a tariff springs from greed or that it delivers a sinister attack on wages. The demand for a tariff is based upon a clear conception of social justice. That is why it is put forward with the enthusiasm of conviction.

It is, however, possible to maintain that the tariff is not enough, that it is not simply one set of conditions which require to be dealt with, that the whole environment of business must be determined by the State. A complex of economic issues is thus opened up—questions of methods of production, questions of wages and hours, of factory and housing conditions, questions of markets and prices, above all, questions of management, of the terms on which capital and labour shall meet in the conduct of an industry. This line of approach brings us at once to the language of the New Party's manifesto.

The orthodox Press has given but minor prominence to this document. We disagree. We regard it as of high importance. Whether its conclusions are right or wrong is not, for the present, of great moment. What is of moment is that it has set itself to focus ideas which have long been gaining ground and to render them into the precise terms of practical politics. All thoughtful people now agree that we cannot prosper unless our national economy is reconstructed, and all except a few pessimists agree that its reconstruction is possible. But the field is vast and the issues difficult. We are most of us in doubt as to what we have to do. At this juncture Sir Oswald comes forward with the outline of a definite policy and, much as most of us will find to disagree with in his schemes, it is quite impossible to deny that he has rendered to constructive political thought a service which deserves full and grateful acknowledgment. The new parties reflect new principles of government, and their proposals deserve full discussion on other than those party lines of argument of which the public has long been sick.



## THE MISREPRESENTATION OF NEWS

ONE of the dangers attendant upon such a period of political and economic chaos as the present is that sight is too easily lost of the developments that really matter. Amid the welter of news concerning the break-up of parties and the spectacular visits of prominent statesmen to foreign capitals, we are apt to ignore what should concern us most closely, and only to regret what has happened when it is too late. In our opinion, one of the most sinister tendencies of the day is the attitude of a section of the Press towards those of whom its proprietors disapprove, and yet this evil is receiving but a tithe of the attention that it undoubtedly merits. Time was when no respectable newspaper made any effort to edit its news, and its views were to be found set out at length in the leading article. Those days are past, with the result that in more than one paper there is hardly a paragraph of news that has not been warped in some way, so as to convey the editorial standpoint upon the subject with which it deals.

Those of our readers who have followed the recent by-elections will, we feel sure, agree with us that there was hardly one London daily paper that gave a full account of the activities of the various parties in these contests. The salient points in the speeches of those candidates whom their proprietors favoured received the greatest prominence, but their opponents' remarks and chances were either ignored or ridiculed in a running commentary in the news columns, with the result that it was necessary to purchase two or three papers in order to obtain any accurate estimate of the progress of events. In the great days of journalism, however unmitigated a scoundrel Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Gladstone might be in the eyes of the editor, the latter reserved his estimate for the leading article, and he reported the statesman's speech, as it was delivered, in his news columns. We realize, of course, that brevity is the hall-mark of the age, but an impartial synopsis of a political oration should not be beyond the powers even of a member of the staff of a "popular" newspaper.

Our French neighbours began to experience this particular abuse some years ago, and they have applied a remedy which we recommend to the attention of our legislators. Any person in France who feels himself aggrieved by an attack in a newspaper can demand that his reply be inserted by the editor concerned in the same column and in the same type, and this right can be enforced by law. The result of this is twofold, for not only does it ensure that no grave misstatement shall go unanswered, but the probability of being called upon to print a reply makes editors more careful in what they say. There must be at the present time thousands of people in this country who consider Mr. Baldwin or Lord Beaverbrook a fiend in human shape: they read one paper only, never hear the other side, and believe everything that they see in print. Under such a scheme as we have suggested they would, at any rate, occasionally

hear a second point of view, and the worst lies would be nailed down.

No one regrets more than we do the possibility of the legislature being invoked to compel an editor to do his duty of excluding any sort of propaganda out of the news, but if present tendencies continue to make themselves felt, there is nothing else for it. The Press has a very definite duty to the public, and it is to inform as well as to instruct, not merely to divert and to persuade. Legitimate comment is, of course, necessary, but the reader must first of all be given an opportunity of knowing that upon which comment is passed. Contempt of court has long been punished, and it would seem that the time has come when contempt of truth should also be liable to correction.

## THE POLITICAL STRUWELPETER—3

HERE is cruel Oswald, see,  
A horrid wicked man is he.  
He caught the Liberals, poor fellows,  
And hit them till he heard their bellows.  
He teased the Tories with his tongue  
And took young Strachey for a run  
Upon his patent hobby-horse—  
The Mosley policy, of course.  
He jeered at Bondfield's little plan  
To give the dole to every man;  
He sneered at Snowden's sullen No  
And told Jim Thomas he should go;  
But oh, far worse than all beside,  
He laughed at Ramsay's silly pride.

The day was cold, and surly Phil  
Came out one day to buy a pill  
Of rich man's blood and Free Trade swipes—  
Two things that never gave him gripes—  
When cruel Oswald knocked him down  
And told him not to play the clown:  
Much better try some stronger stuff,  
The Mosley plan would be enough.

At this sour Phil grew very red  
And savaged Oswald till he fled  
And all his party took to bed.  
The doctors came with stethoscopes,  
Best bedside manners and good hopes;  
But Oswald wouldn't take their pills—  
The Mosley plan must cure all ills.  
As for his followers, one, two, three,  
They were as sick as they could be.  
They said the Mosley plan was right  
But wished that Philip wouldn't bite.

But sullen Phil is happy now  
He has more time to milk the cow,  
To tax our beer and baccy more  
And by that means to help the poor  
To be still poorer than before.  
No Mosley plan for me, he said,  
I'd sooner tax both quick and dead.  
The quick will wish they're dead, you see,  
The dead will rise again, and flee:  
I'll tax 'em till they squeak and run;  
Old England's down—what glorious fun!

So cruel Oswald's little blunder  
Is nothing now to Philip's plunder;  
When one says Yes, the other No,  
It is enough to wreck the show.

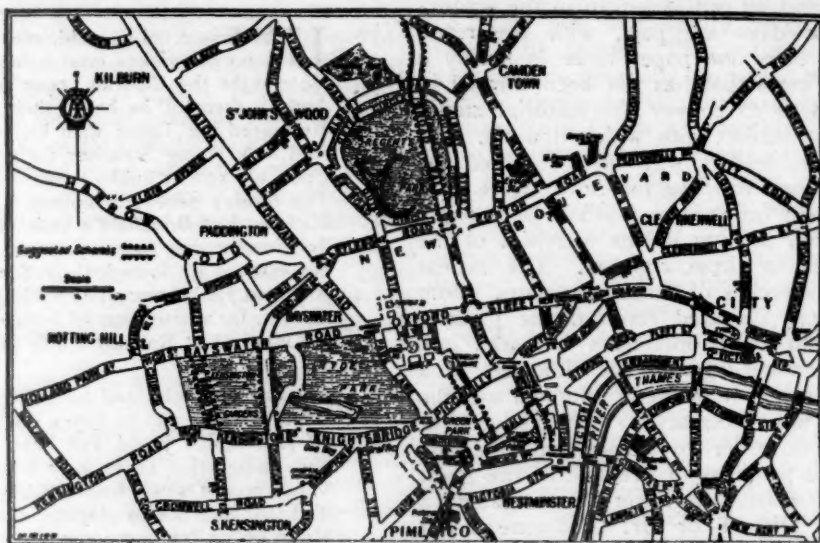
## SOME LONDON TRAFFIC SUGGESTIONS

• BY LEONARD HENSLÖWE

A MOTOR vehicle to-day can travel with perfect safety at from 50 to 70 miles an hour, but there is scarcely a road within London's 4-mile radius where it is safe to go at a greater speed than 40. This being so, the fabulous waste of time that goes on all the working day in London's streets can readily be calculated. The fact is that London's traffic problem has been troubling the go-a-head London business man for many years, but the authorities are still asleep in the matter. To-day the thousands of motor lorries, omnibuses, coaches, taxis and cars on the streets are being strangled in their progress for want of proper thoroughfares on which to travel. The streets, mostly of the same width as those of 40 years ago, good enough for the light horsed traffic of those

with Lancaster Gate can be made another beautiful boulevard by being straightened out as indicated on the map the Automobile Association has prepared for me; this will connect the north and south of the middle Hyde Park district in a way that is much needed. To-day, a tradesman's cart, on whose quick delivery we all depend, must go right round by Park Lane or Church Street, Kensington, to effect the journey.

Still further west there is the Broad Walk, Kensington Gardens, connecting (by path) Palace Gate with Queen's Road. Turn this into a sunk road for vehicle traffic only, and span it with several light steel trellis bridges for pedestrians freely to get from one part of the Gardens to the other.



Map prepared by the A. A.

days, are altogether inadequate for present needs. Take, for instance, Park Lane. It is the same width as it was a century ago, and yet at this moment colossal buildings are open and opening which naturally bring in their wake an enormously increased traffic.

Every new modern building that is built means definitely augmented traffic, and yet our streets remain for the most part unaltered. Tens of thousands of new motor cars and other motor vehicles are being licensed every year to further congest the roadways, and I see very little cognizance of these facts by the authorities. They are apparently short-sighted to the extent of making virtually no provision for the immense traffic increase.

Road widening is being done to some extent, but nothing in proportion to what is needed. There are in my opinion certain definite schemes that should be put in hand at once, which need not entail the costliness of pulling down valuable buildings for widening.

I mentioned Park Lane, so let us begin there. If the railings of Hyde Park were put back 80 feet or so, a beautiful grass-plotted, tree-flagged straight boulevard could extend from Marble Arch to Hyde Park Corner without injuring the amenities of the Park in the slightest.

Going further west, that wriggly narrow road over the Serpentine Bridge connecting Exhibition Road

Kensington Palace Gardens, now a private road, when opened for general traffic will greatly relieve Church Street, Kensington.

North of Hyde Park I suggest that the railings be set back 40 feet, making Bayswater Road into a beautiful thoroughfare.

South of Hyde Park I can visualize Knightsbridge and the Park having one-way traffic, the Hyde Park Hotel and Parkside Buildings being an island site. Already there is a plan for the Knightsbridge Barracks to be demolished.

Next we come to the centre of the West End. It is the cross traffic, north and south, that so bothers the authorities. I suggest that a tunnel be constructed under Devonshire House connecting Berkeley Square with the Mall, thus crossing Piccadilly north to south will be obviated. In the building of Devonshire House, space for such a tunnel was provided in the foundations. There is an enormous traffic going north and south between Oxford Street and south London.

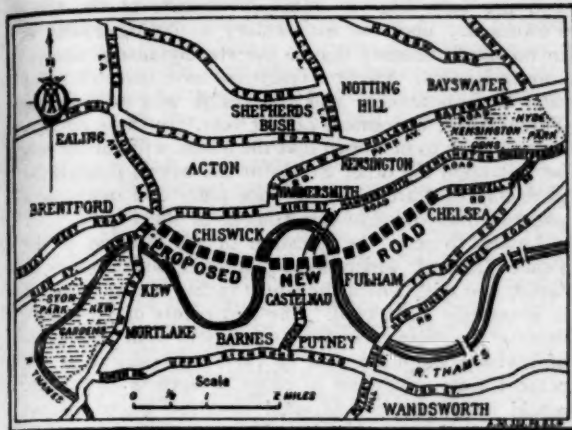
Regent Street is one of London's principal arteries, yet it ends abruptly in a flight of steps! I suggest that it be continued with a handsome steel viaduct over the Mall, delivering its traffic in Parliament Square. Trafalgar Square and Charing Cross will be immensely relieved by this.

Going north, Regent Street, when planned by the Prince Regent, was intended to continue straight up Portland Place and across Regent's Park in a straight



line where the avenue of trees still remains to mark out the original intention. Put a foot-rule against Regent Street and Portland Place and it will be seen to end at Ken Wood, Hampstead. It was planned to construct a magnificent boulevard in this straight line.

While this is now impossible, at least the boulevard can be continued over Regent's Park and deliver its traffic into Haverstock Hill and thus to the Great North Road.



Map prepared by the A. A.

And lastly there is that splendid North Circular Boulevard (not North Circular Road) that starts from near the Serpentine Road meeting with Bayswater Road, called successively Lancaster Gate Terrace, Sussex Gardens, Oxford and Cambridge Terrace, Marylebone Road, Euston Road, Pentonville Road, City Road.

This thoroughfare has buildings set back in many parts of it, provisionally for widening. For the greater length of this road, space is available to make it a magnificent boulevard, and already in Marylebone Road by Baker Street this is being done. There are a few "bottle-necks" on the route which must be removed and then the northern suburbs of London will be served with a road which can accommodate the heaviest through traffic, leaving local traffic to go through Oxford Street and Holborn.

In cross-river traffic north to south, the Royal Commission has recommended the widening of Waterloo Bridge, with a 35-ft. roadway, a combined road and footway from Southwark Street to Holborn Viaduct, a new double-deck bridge at Charing Cross, with the erection of a new Charing Cross Station, and a continuation of the bridge over the Strand to the Nurse Cavell Statue in St. Martin's Place, the rebuilding of Wandsworth Bridge, the widening of Putney and Hammersmith Bridges, two new bridges near Dorset Wharf and Chiswick Ferry respectively, for a western road and bridge over the railway near Addison Road, the adoption of the Dartford-Purfleet Tunnel scheme and the improvement of existing river tunnels.

For many years the want of two more bridges over the Thames between Putney Bridge and Kew Bridge has been evident; as the smaller map shows, this would change Cromwell Road into an important thoroughfare.

There are now thirteen bridges between Tower Bridge and Kew. I prophesy that the number will be doubled. In time the Thames will have to be so bridged that it becomes almost a subterranean river. If rivers cannot help traffic, they must at least not impede it. Traffic congestion is not only wasteful and costly, it is throttling to the life blood of a city.

If railways were impeded as road traffic is to-day, they would quickly lose what popularity they have

left. Motor vehicles have become more and more perfect in speed and reliability, but what use is this if their media—the roads—are obsolete and narrow?

The first necessity is for roads to be wide enough to accommodate their full complement of traffic and straight enough for that traffic to travel at railway speed.

Road maps should be published on paper and circulated freely to drivers to indicate the best way from point to point, which is not necessarily the shortest. Most drivers take the line of least resistance and follow the crowd.

The obvious way, to my mind, to widen such streets as Oxford and Regent Street is to elevate the pavements, thus giving an extra twenty-five feet to vehicle accommodation. This is not such a big scheme as might at first sight appear. It is less expensive than tunnelling.

Trade attracts traffic, and shops require an unending stream of motors, passengers and goods. It will be seen how congestion will be reduced when all pavements in main streets are elevated and the extra twenty-four or five feet given over to traffic, stationary and moving. Eventually, probably within living experience, even elevated pavements will be inadequate, and then I visualize part of the ground floor of shop fronts being commandeered for foot traffic and the reception to and from of motor traffic. In addition to the elevated pavements, I foresee light steel trellis-work bridges at frequent intervals connecting both sides of the streets, so that crossing the road by foot passengers will be a thing of the past.

The death rate from street accidents would be immediately diminished to vanishing point and roadways in cities would be as much forbidden to pedestrians as are railway tracks to-day. Think of it, no more street islands and no more "hold-ups" for foot traffic to pass.

Time is money and every minute lost in travel is costly. The possible road speed of an up-to-date traffic is 40 miles an hour in towns and 70 miles an hour in the country. When this is really achieved, then we can say a final good-bye to the railway line.

Sir Alfred Yarrow once made a very interesting and generous offer to London to build a cross-over steel traffic bridge at Oxford Circus. This offer was short-sightedly declined. At all events it would have demonstrated whether this was not a practical solution of the "cross-over" problem.

## THE PROBLEM OF DISARMAMENT III—THE POLITICAL FACTORS

BY SIR CHARLES PETRIE

THE theory of armaments, as has already been mentioned, is that they ensure security to those that possess them, and to this the present French attitude that security must precede disarmament is entirely faithful. In actual practice, however the problem is not so simple, because, as we have seen, once armaments rise beyond a certain point they are a source, not of security, but of insecurity, and so necessitate more armaments, and, if the resulting financial strain does not prove too great, there is no reason why this should not continue *ad infinitum*, or until the outbreak of war. In short, it is a vicious circle, which can only be broken by establishing security upon a basis of justice rather than of armed force. In these circumstances, no consideration of the problem of disarmament at the present time could pretend to completeness which did not take into account the political factors that are making for insecurity in the world to-day.

Of these factors the suspicions that France entertains of her neighbours on the other side of the Rhine and the Alps are undoubtedly the most important. Whether the attitude of successive French administrations towards Germany in the years immediately following the Armistice was a wise one is open to question, but it has no bearing upon the present issue. The fact is that a large section of French opinion, that is by no means aggressively Nationalist, is convinced that Germany is not sincere in her professions, but is merely desirous of utilizing the coming conference as a means of escaping from those provisions of the Treaty of Versailles which limited her armaments. M. Briand, of course, does not share this view, but he has for a colleague in M. Laval's administration M. Maginot, who holds it strongly, and to a very large extent it is the opinion of M. Poincaré. The position, then, is that every development in Germany is closely scrutinized in France, and the success of the National Socialists has considerably increased the French alarm. Such being the case it is idle to expect any further reduction of armaments on the part of France until opinion in that country has been reassured as to German intentions, not only on the Rhine, but also on the Vistula.

The attainment by Italy of the position of a first-class Power in fact as well as in name has also been by no means without its effect upon French armaments. The articles published a few years ago by M. Charles Maurras raised grave fears as to the safety of the Alpine frontier, and since then the latter has been extensively fortified. The agreement which was happily reached last week has eliminated the naval question as one of the major points at issue between the two Powers, and is thus a considerable step forward, reflecting the highest credit upon the statesmen of the countries concerned. Nevertheless, it is only of comparatively recent years that this particular difficulty has made itself felt, and there are several other causes of discord which are unhappily still outstanding. The status of Italian workers in France and of Italian nationals in Tunis, the delimitation of the Libyan frontier, and the satisfaction of Italy's colonial ambitions are the real problems to be solved, and they are political. The rivalry in land armaments, of which a great deal too much has undoubtedly been made, would soon cease could these other questions be satisfactorily settled. It is true that there are various subterranean forces working to produce a clash between the two countries, and they are distinctly dangerous, but they would cease to be a menace as soon as an official *entente* came about between Rome and Paris.

At the other end of Europe an even more perilous situation exists owing partly to the policy and partly to the fears of the Russian Government. In the statistics of armaments already given it will be noticed that the peace strength of Czecho-Slovakia, Poland and Rumania amounts to no less than 560,000, or considerably more than the pre-war army of Austria-Hungary, and it is no exaggeration to say that these relatively high figures are to a very large extent due to the fear of Russian ambitions. On the other hand, it is difficult not to sympathize in some degree with the apprehensions of Moscow. Those who are responsible for the execution of the Bolshevik experiment feel, like their prototypes in revolutionary France, that they are alone in a world of enemies, and they believe that their safety depends upon their own right arm. Yet this atmosphere of suspicion that clouds the relations of the East European Powers is poisoning the air of the whole continent. The Polish armaments are a source of perpetual irritation to Germany, and the latter's annoyance is reflected in the successes of the National Socialists, which in their turn disturb French opinion. Once again it is the political factor that has caused large armaments, and even the most convinced militarists would be hard put to it to maintain that the result has been security in any form.

Political uneasiness is, of course, by no means confined to Europe, and it is not so long since the outbreak of war between Great Britain and the United States, between the United States and Japan, and even between Great Britain and Japan was being freely predicted. All these dangers are, at any rate temporarily, in abeyance, and not only because, as the cynics would have us believe, the three countries concerned can no longer afford the luxury of fighting one another. That, ten years ago, there was a very real possibility of one of these conflicts taking place cannot be denied, and the fact that the mutual relations of the three Powers are upon so satisfactory a footing to-day is in no small measure due to the statesmanship of their chosen leaders. All three countries have shown a great deal of forbearance, and the result was seen in the Three Power agreement of last year. In these circumstances, it is to be hoped that the lesson will not entirely be lost upon the other States of the world, though the problems of Europe are at once older and more complicated than those of the Atlantic or the Pacific.

Lastly, there is the question of the revision of the Peace Treaties, which sooner or later will have to be faced, and with which the whole future of disarmament is intimately connected. The two points of view both deserve the most careful consideration. The opponents of revision maintain that to raise the subject at the present time would be to rouse a hornets' nest, and would make the international situation worse instead of better; while to this the advocates of revision reply that to leave the existing sores to fester is to court disaster, and that a frontier rectification here and there now will save an extensive territorial readjustment in a few years' time. However this may be, it is already clear that at the forthcoming conference the clauses in the Treaties which provide for the compulsory disarmament of the vanquished will have to go by the board, and when one alteration has been made it will not prove easy to resist the demand for others. What is essential, however, is that every emendation is the result of an agreement between the parties concerned, and not of a forcible occupation of some particular tract of territory that happens to be in dispute; the peace of the world does not rest upon such sure foundations that it can stand any shocks.

If, therefore, it be admitted that policy in the last resort governs armaments, a conclusion which the present writer finds it impossible to resist, then it would appear to be a natural corollary that the policy of the different Powers must be reconciled before their armaments can be effectively reduced. Such reduction as has already taken place is in no small measure due to achievements like the Locarno Pact, which have done so much to diminish that feeling of insecurity which is the *damnosa hereditas* of the war. The failure to achieve a political understanding between France and Italy prior to the meeting of the London Naval Conference wrecked the chance of a Five Power agreement, while the preliminary conversations between London and Washington did facilitate the conclusion of a Three Power one, and the moral would seem to be obvious. No nation in these days of financial stringency and economic depression wishes to be armed to the teeth, though many believe that owing to the attitude of their neighbours in this course lies safety. Once establish confidence, by the removal of existing misunderstandings, and disarmament will automatically follow. On the other hand, to discuss a reduction of armaments without first of all dealing with the feeling of insecurity of which they are the outward sign, would be as foolish as for a doctor to treat a running sore as if it were skin disease. The wound must be drained before it will heal. So it is with the world. It has been licking its sores for a decade without a great deal of success, and the time has come to examine their causes, or the cure of the patient may prove impossible.

(To be concluded)



## CHINA AND HER FOREIGN ADVISERS

## A RETROSPECT AND SOME CONCLUSIONS

By J. O. P. BLAND

MORE than sixty years have elapsed since the Chinese Government first adopted the idea of engaging foreigners, men of repute in their professions, to act as its advisers in affairs of State. The first of these appointments was that of Mr. Anson Burlingame, United States Minister at Peking, who, in November, 1867, was offered and accepted the post of Ambassador extraordinary, accredited by the Chinese Emperor to all the Courts of the world, which he was to visit in turn. Prior to this, of course, a number of foreigners had been engaged for non-political posts, first in the Maritime Customs and then in the military service of the ever-victorious army against the Taiping rebels. Mr. (later, Sir) Robert Hart, head of the Customs, had already laid the foundations of his unique career and established himself as the indispensable adviser of the Tsung-Li-Yamen at Peking. But Burlingame's appointment (made on Hart's advice) may be regarded as the first manifestation of the policy of engaging foreign advisers, which has since been repeatedly invoked, either for the purpose of placating the foreign Powers in some uncomfortable crisis, or of gaining credit abroad for progressive intentions, or of creating international jealousies.

Surveying in retrospect the motives and results of this policy, it is worthy of note that the object of the Burlingame Mission, as defined by Hart, was

to cultivate and conserve friendly relations by explaining to each of the Treaty Powers the many difficulties that China cannot fail to experience in attempting to change existing conditions or to introduce novelties; to bespeak forbearance and prevent, in so far as possible, any resort to hostile pressure to wring from China concessions for which the Government did not feel itself ready.

It is equally interesting to recall the fact that the only instructions which Mr. Burlingame received from the Chinese Government on his momentous departure were:

to keep the West from forcing us to build railways and telegraphs, which we want only so far as they are due to our own initiative.

The appointment of Mr. Burlingame was, in fact, the first of many experiments made by China's rulers to hoist the foreign engineer with his own petard, experiments usually conducted on the ancient classical principle of setting one barbarian against another.

During that half century, many counsellors of many nations, some wise, some foolish, all loyal friends of China, have come and gone through the gates of Peking and played their parts in the diplomatic comedy of the Legation quarter. Of all alike it can truthfully be said that seldom has their advice been asked, and never taken, with any genuine intention of applying it to constructive schemes of economic, judicial or military reform. During the period between the Taiping rebellion and the war with Japan (1895) Sir Robert Hart certainly enjoyed for some time a position of exceptional influence, whereby he was enabled to organize the Customs Service for many useful ends. But even he, after years of loyal and whole-hearted service, never flattered himself that he had convinced the Tsung-Li-Yamen of the need for any radical modification of China's medieval methods of administration or principles of statecraft. To cite one notable instance: the modern navy, which China acquired in the 'eighties, by Hart's advice and under the tutelage of Admiral Lang, always remained, like the Customs Service, a thing of foreign origin and exotic development, an alien branch clumsily grafted on to the ancient tree of Chinese officialdom, never assimilated, as the Japanese navy was, into the national life and the normal machinery of

government. And when the hour of testing came, its inglorious end revealed in the background the unbroken continuity of mandarin traditions which had made the fleet a whitened sepulchre, a soulless thing, that went into action with non-explosive shells and non-combatant officers.

Besides these, since the Revolution, American, German, French and Japanese experts—legal, financial, political and military—have been invited to assist in modernizing on western lines virtually every department of the public service. With much flourishing of trumpets they come, all bustling with activity and bristling with ideas, and all over the world the Press welcomes their appointments as triumphant proof of the awakening of China to the long-deferred dawn of the New Era. Then, in due season, having given their advice, one after the other, they steal away, with a working knowledge of Oriental statecraft for their pains. Their reports are filed; the rest is silence. They have unwittingly fulfilled the purpose, like that of our own Royal Commissions, of gaining time and credit for good intentions which, from the very nature of things, could never materialize. Thus when, in 1928, the Kuomintang was intent on convincing the world in general and America in particular of its progressive intentions, thus paving the way for the abolition of Consular jurisdiction, it engaged the services of an imposing and expensive galaxy of American expert talent (known as the Kemmerer Commission) to advise them upon vast schemes of economic and administrative reform. The Chancelleries were duly impressed and the financiers spoke smooth things; but from the labour of that mountain of wisdom no mouse of change has ever yet emerged.

The present year of grace opens with a new act in the long-drawn comedy, from which it would appear that the powers that be at Nanking have come to the conclusion that the League of Nations presents a most promising and inexpensive field in which the seed of good intentions may be sown with great advantage. Within the past few weeks no fewer than three Directors of the League—namely, those connected with the Departments of Public Health, Economic and Financial reorganization, and Transit and Communications—have been invited to visit Nanking, there to advise the Government on the very same problems which were to have been solved in 1928 by the Kemmerer Commission, and later by Sir Fred. Whyte and a host of other counsellors. In the light of all experience, it is safe to predict that the advice to be tendered by these gentlemen from Geneva will produce no more practical results than that of their many predecessors. Like theirs, it will gather the dust of official pigeon-holes or, at best, serve as material for elegant academic exercises by the scribes of the native Press. Their counsel, in a word, is foredoomed to futility: not so, however, the gesture which invites it. For in seeking it, the leaders of the Kuomintang have displayed the political *fai*, the intelligent anticipation which they habitually bring to bear upon international politics. By proclaiming Geneva to be their long-sought spiritual home, and by flattering the self-esteem of the League's Directorates, they cannot fail to strengthen the hands of the school of international idealism, which has already done so much to popularize the principle of racial equality for their benefit. Also, as none of their reform programmes are matters of urgency (or indeed of immediate application) the politicians of Nanking have everything to gain by identifying them with the League, "which touches nothing that it does not adjourn."

## ARE WE BREEDING FROM THE WRONG END ?

BY PROFESSOR E. W. MACBRIDE

**I**S the quality of our population slowly deteriorating because the bulk of the children are being produced by the wrong people? It is a question which the man in the street does not stop to think much about, because the effects of bad breeding show themselves slowly—not much effect is perceptible even in ten years, and it takes a lifetime for a change in the constitutional character of the people to show itself sufficiently to become palpable. Yet it was a change of this kind that brought about the downfall of the Roman Empire.

The old Roman yeomanry who defeated Hannibal died out and were replaced by a population born of slaves and freedmen imported into Italy, who belonged to inferior races; had it not been for the continual importation of Goths and Germans from the northern border to recruit the army, the Empire would not have lasted as long as it did.

Now some of us can look back over a period of fifty years, and we see with regret and alarm changes of the same kind as took place in Italy in the first century occurring in England in the twentieth century. Fifty years ago the birth-rate in all classes of the community, rich and poor alike, was high. The "Victorian family" has become a proverb. People started married life on small salaries and expansive hopes and in a time of developing trade these hopes were often justified. The death-rate was also high and it was taken for granted that every family would lose two or three children, and those that survived were the sturdiest constitutionally.

The poorer and less competent class lost most heavily and as their families were, on the whole, larger than those of the richer class, this heavier loss tended to compensate for the larger family and keep the general constitution of the nation constant. But in spite of losses by death the population rapidly increased, and the surplus emigrated to the Dominions and to the United States. There was a period in the early nineteenth century when the emigration to Canada was actually greater than to the United States.

In those days there was no free elementary education and, apart from poor-law relief, no "social services." Yet, as Dean Inge has remarked, more people of ability emerged from the working class and attained to wealth and influence than have risen since "social services" were introduced.

If we contrast this state of affairs with what obtains at present, we find that in the well-to-do thrifty classes the "Victorian family" has disappeared. In the skilled trade unions the accepted basis for wage bargaining is a sum necessary to support a man and wife and three children. If account is taken of bachelors and spinsters and childless couples, it is reckoned that an average family of four children is required to keep the population constant—so that the demands of the trade unions must be regarded as quite moderate. But if we pass below the level of the skilled artisan we find among the casual dock-labourers and the miners that much larger families still persist.

If we pass upwards we encounter the families of doctors and clergymen and lawyers and in them the average number of children is two or even less. It is impossible to evade the conclusion that the bulk of the next generation will consist of the children of the least skilled members of the community. "Mental deficiency" is a term which is frequently used nowadays: like so many learned terms it is merely a new name for an old and well-known thing—it means innate stupidity and weakness of character. It exists in all grades of intensity. When it is extreme the unfortunate individual is termed an idiot and is locked up, but when

it is slight the individual can just support him or herself in an unskilled trade. Such people have not sufficient thrift to provide for the future and accept rapidly recurring children as an affliction sent by Providence.

Fifty years ago the children of such people died almost as quickly as they were born, but now, with improved and expensive social services, they survive, and the increasing number of mental deficients in our midst shows the result.

A social worker related a case that had come under her notice. A well-known vagrant woman used to come to a workhouse every year in a pregnant condition. She stayed in the workhouse for some weeks and then went out, leaving the child to the care of the public, with the openly expressed intention of returning in the same condition next year. It is because of the high taxation of the thrifty, which the necessity of supporting such incompetents entails, that the families of the more competent members of society are curtailed.

We have said that formerly emigration provided an outlet for our surplus population; that door is now closed. The United States and our Dominions will only accept a few of our very best and they do not want our town-bred population. They desire only those who are willing to do hard pioneering work on the land. Previous to the war about 500,000 people emigrated from Southern Ireland to the United States in a year; now, by American law, the number admitted in a year is reduced to 7,000! But the Southern Irish are proverbially prolific and their Church strictly bans all the prudential measures known as birth-control. The surplus population, denied an entrance into America, is thrown back on Britain. The results in the slums of Glasgow and Liverpool speak for themselves. Wherever the Southern Irish settle Communism and squalor prevail.

How can this state of affairs be remedied? We cannot revert to the practices of former times and allow the poor to die of starvation and disease. Though this is Nature's way of regulating populations, it would outrage our sympathetic feelings—and those feelings form the cement which binds society together. But there is no valid argument against attempting to prevent incompetent children from being born.

The methods of preventing conception are widely known and used among the well-to-do. They inflict no injury on health—least of all on women—for by common consent our young women of to-day are finer specimens physically than were their grandmothers. Though the incompetent members of society would not limit their families in order to lessen the taxation of the thrifty, their women would, in most cases, be anxious to do so in order to spare themselves the pain and ill-health due to rapidly recurring pregnancies.

## THE DREAMING APE

BY ETHEL MANNIN

**S**ILENT and apart he sits,  
And in the teeming jungle of his mind  
Dreams of a life beyond the monkey round  
Of appetite and quarrelling and lust;  
Gropes for a loveliness inchoate, undefined,  
Traces the pattern of leaf-shadows on the ground,  
Perceives how the sunlight is garnered on the dust,  
And, in dim fantasies his nascent soul conceives,  
Finds runes and rhythms in the lifting leaves.



## WHOM THE CAP FITS—VI

I AM not in the habit of bestowing unmerited praise or blame; therefore, before setting down my opinion of you, I searched the records of your public life. That you may have performed many praiseworthy acts it is hard to doubt. But curiously enough I have discovered no evidence of the fact. Possibly you have thought well to hide your light under a bushel? That is certainly to your credit. I can find nothing else.

From all accounts—and ill report is often bred of truth—your youth was a mistake; sedition occupied your middle life, while your latter years have contributed a page of history which, please God, our children may never read. It is a sore complaint among those of your class that with better opportunities for study the spoils of life would be more equally distributed. I will not argue the point. But in any case you are poor evidence of the contention, for your Board School teaching did not hinder you from writing with authority on many subjects where "experts fear to tread." No wonder you were credited with knowledge—arrogance never yet failed to cloak ignorance—and as the cock-brained theories of Karl Marx seemed likely to attract, you decided to edit a paper and dish up a lucrative fare. But strange as it may appear, your expectations failed to tally with the circulation! Still, there were other methods of exploiting the ignorant, and as cant and sedition were more to your taste than candour and loyalty, street oratory was undoubtedly your rôle.

You did well, for having so easily achieved success as a demagogue, what more obvious than that you were qualified to be a Statesman! Accordingly you stood for Parliament. But now your troubles commenced; past utterances were remembered, so that it was hard to find a constituency that did not prefer your back to your face. In the circumstances, therefore, success depended upon your wringing the necks of the chickens you had hatched. And why not? Devoid of all principle and honest conviction the decision presented no difficulties; less glaring fallacies, better-clad deception, a modicum of loyalty and you wriggled into Parliament, whereas by the law of the land you should have been hurried into prison.

But there was more to come, for not until the war did you sound the lowest depths of perfidy. That your conscience should have protected your skin was in the nature of things. Cowardice and patriotism seldom, if ever, walk hand in hand—but that by word and deed you should have encouraged the enemies of your native land was to sell your birthright and disgrace humanity. There is an innate feeling of honour and duty in the heart of even the wildest savage, but it has been left to a Christian country to discover a human being deprived of both.

ACHATES

## SONNET

BY EVEREST LEWIN

THE stubble field lies white against the sky,  
The rolling hills monotonously change  
In lines the haze has helped to rearrange.  
Through shallow rush a keening wind goes by,  
It frets the grasses discontentedly  
As though in sharp impatience to exchange  
The muted meadows for a wider range  
Of rocking trees, and for their trumpet cry.  
A treeless land is like an empty home.  
There is no bough for bird, no bird for song;  
No filigree of shadow on the grass:  
No carmine twig against an azure dome.  
The open fields like empty rooms belong  
To silences. Tiptoe the soft hours pass.

## PARIS IN THE DOLDRUMS

[FROM AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS]

I HAVE never known Paris less gay and the reasons for depression are many and obvious. An unstable government, the Oustric scandal and the attendant suppressions that give rise to a heavy crop of fantastic and alarming stories, the shadow of unemployment, the decline in the number of wealthy foreign visitors, all these things make for pessimism. At the same time the foreign situation is viewed with alarm. Across the border Hitler and his braves has wrought infinite harm to the cause of peace. In France the Royalists are active. The *Action Française* has been giving the record of Republicanism in the matter of ministries; it makes bad reading. A letter from "Jean en Exil" appears on countless hoardings to assure the public that they can only look for salvation in a new order, or rather a return to the old. Men tell me that "Jean," the Duke of Guise, is not really equipped for the rôle he would fill, but that he has a son whose gifts are considerable.

Business is bad in the chief shopping centres and the word "rabais" is in frequent evidence, but reductions are at present imaginary rather than real. "First you raise the price and announce a reduction," said an experienced lady friend who has lived long in Paris. "Then you come back to the normal price and say it has been reduced. Finally you make reductions—to those who speak sound French—'rabais' is not for foreigners."

Folk who should be well informed speak in high praise of M. Chiappi, the "Prefect of the Police." He is the bright star in the firmament of administration. To his energy they ascribe the vast improvement in the streets; you may cross them between a double row of metal studs without fear of death, and pedestrians are no longer regarded with disfavour. M. Chiappi has not stopped there. It will be remembered that a little while ago a Russian general was kidnapped by Bolshevik agents. They say he had a weak heart and had the good fortune to die en route. But it was apparent that the Bolsheviks had a large number of agents in the force and of these M. Chiappi proceeded to make a clean but quite unostentatious sweep. If only he would perform the same harsh, salutary act for the post office the present chaotic conditions might end. He is cleaning up underground Paris with skill and energy, and in this connexion it is interesting to note that the night houses of the city, or at least those that cater for the foreigner, are having a poor time. The cafés and other less reputable places round the Moulin Rouge, now a cinema, are ceasing to attract. I saw a notice on the door of one which read: "You have only to pay for admission; champagne is no longer obligatory." Other houses state that they do not raise their prices after nightfall. At the "Abbaye de Thélème," "Le Rat Mort," "Le Bal Tabarin" and "La Boule Noire," there is no overcrowding and the Cabaret Bruant has fallen from its high estate. Artists seem to have left Montmartre for Montparnasse, but foreign students, many from America, have changed the atmosphere there and many students spend more in a week than their forebear did in six months.

Dining with some artists in this capital the other evening, I learned an interesting fact. Corot painted about two thousand pictures. Of these upwards of six thousand have been sold to the United States; unfortunately, owing to the slump the demand is no longer brisk. The widow's cruise must look to its laurels. Another amusing story I heard is of a mid-nineteenth century artist, one of whose pictures was lately sold for a very high sum. Now there is an excellent law in France that when a modern picture by a dead artist is sold at public auction, his children shall receive a percentage. Naturally the children applied for their share, only to be told that the sale was a

fictitious one, arranged by the dealer with a view to raising the market value of the late artist's work. Instead of accepting the assurance that this little deceit would benefit them in the future, the ungrateful children are suing the dealer!

It is right to admit that the general attitude of the people one meets is serious. "We shan't get through our unemployment problem as you have done," a publicist assured me. "Trouble will come and rioting; we are so much more excitable and the established order has so many enemies." They say that unemployment is now becoming noticeable. I asked him who was regarded as the strong man of France to-day and without hesitation he named Poincaré. "It is our misfortune that he is a sick man; it is our extreme fortune that he is still living." He named Briand as one who is safe and strong, but not so strong as Poincaré, and went on to declare that there are no other statesmen in France to-day. "The rest," he declared "are politicians and politics is a profession. Men enter it to make a living and because conditions are unstable they must make that living quickly."

From the standpoint of the visitor, prices are rather higher than they were when I was last in Paris, but the general belief is that they will fall. Transport remains the cheapest item of the visitor's expenditure. But if prices are high and times are bad, the Parisian shopkeeper has no occasion to doubt the future. In the art of presentation he stands alone.

## WASHING DAY

By JAMES LAVER

"AS inevitable as washing day!" was one of the proverbs of my youth. Alas! it is a true proverb no longer, for washing day comes round no more. It lingers still, no doubt, in backyards seen from the train; its banners flutter yet over remote farmhouses, but those white flags, those bifurcated gonfalons of old custom, fly over a defeated army. Washing day is in full retreat.

The housewife perhaps is glad; or does she, perchance, regret that lost corner of her own soul? For the tradition of a thousand years does not die in a generation, and woman is conservative enough to regret the curtailment of her functions. Will the next cry of Feminism be "Back to Washing Day"?

In my youth, washing day was inevitable, for it happened every Monday. The big stone-flagged kitchen, usually so bare and empty and of such unnecessary proportions that it was a Sabbath day's journey from stove to larder, was filled with a strange activity. The domestic staff was augmented by a new recruit who, for her day of glory, was no recruit, but a commanding officer in whose presence even cooks quailed or, rather, would have done so if the washerwoman's nature had not been a miracle of good nature. For the old weekly washerwoman belonged to a genial race. Cooks might grow cross over their stewpans; the big copper full of clothes, and the great earthenware pans full of suds, were vessels of kindly usage, promoting only charity. The washerwoman's only wrinkles were in her hands. Perhaps we had a treasure in washerwomen. She was Irish and very stout. We called her Mrs. Jennings, not because that was her name, but because "Mrs. Jennings" was not a person but an institution. Her face was as red as the fire in her boiler, but her hands were white as a lady's; only they were not smooth like a lady's, but curiously bleached and sagged, the finger tips puckered like my own after a bath too hot for me.

A fearful joy was to be matched in Monday's kitchen. Under the antiquated mangle stood a cask which, in its unregenerate days, had once held beer. Now it was promoted to more spiritual usage, and its white froth concealed hot water only. Steam rose from its surface and the curious smell of unscented soap, a smell at

once earthy and clean, with a suggestion of wood ash. The copper glowed like an alchemist's furnace. Blue-bags stood in a row—rigid Dutch dolls. And in the garden the old cord, stretched from tree to wall-trellis, creaked like the rigging of a ship, while the wooden pegs bobbed up aloft like sailors shaking out the main-sheet. Mrs. Jennings, captain and shantyman, kept up a song of her own, full, no doubt, of the echoes of Irish battles, but I never heard the words, and the tune is buried so deep that I can't recover it.

The French never seem to have had washerwomen—at least, not the washerwomen who stayed all day and washed the clothes in the kitchen. Perhaps *la cuisine* was too sacred for that. What Frenchman would risk a blue-bag in the *omelette surprise*? Instead, they had an institution called *la blanchisseuse*, who took the clothes away in a large basket and washed them at home or in the neighbouring river, beating them with sticks while she gossiped with all the other *blanchisseuses*.

One would gather from old French colour prints that the *blanchisseuse* was always young and comely with a white cap on her head and a bosom somewhat exposed. She sometimes made a match, while no one would think of marrying Mrs. Jennings. Perhaps the economic soul of the Frenchman had something to do with it. *Ne pouvant payer Angelique, sa blanchisseuse, il l'épousa.* Let us hope that they did not wash their dirty linen in public.

Now the world has changed. The washerwoman is no more. The machine has devoured her as it is devouring everything from the butcher to the chorus girl. When meat and revues are canned, how could Mrs. Jennings escape? In some remote suburb there is a factory, and to this factory my clothes are hurried. A week later they reappear, impersonally clean but not, alas, looking like new, as they did when Mrs. Jennings had the handling of them. They grow old with much pilgrimage, and a little jagged at the edges. Sometimes they are not my clothes at all, but a coarse-skinned giant's, and then I regret Mrs. Jennings and all her kind, and mourn the fact that the irresistible march of Progress has passed like a steam-roller over yet another human relationship.

## THREE BRUTES IN A BOAT

By HUGH BROADBRIDGE

I WAS down in Cornwall with a film company when it happened. We were over at St. Mawes, working "on location." The day's work had started on the other side of the Fal, near a village with the lovely name of St. Anthony-in-Roseland. But the director, like all good film directors, had an inspiration and acted on it. His script man was driven half mad by alterations which he required within the space of half an hour, while we, as the removal men, so to speak, were told to get hold of boats and take the cameras and all the gear, the few artists on the "floor," and everybody else, over the other side to St. Mawes. The director had been told there was a castle there. And an American film director's reactions towards a real, hundred-per-cent. English castle are similar to those of a schoolboy towards a pocket knife. He has just got to use it.

That was all right. We ferried the gear over and then came back for the artists. That, too, was all right, except that Miss Henrietta Larsen, who was playing the society blonde at the mercy of the seafaring villain, refused to sit down in the boat. She said that seagulls had been there before her, which was true. As a result, she, and all of us, nearly got a ducking.

By the time we had returned from the stormy passage originated by Miss Larsen's objection to close contact with Nature, the script man had finished his rush job and we took him and the director over on the last journey. They got straight down to "shooting." The cameraman made his usual protest at the poorness



of the things he was told to "shoot," but everything started well.

It wasn't until the camera was moved to a new angle that the things were missed. Then it was found necessary, owing to a blessed break of sunshine, to have a shade over the lens. And it was discovered that all such small impedimenta had not been brought over. The director cursed at the delay, the cameraman swore at his assistant, the assistant let fly at us. Miss Henrietta Larsen was the only quiet one. She merely sat down on a wall and removed her make-up. When the director asked her what the hell she thought she was doing, she said, quite unconcernedly:

"I don't suppose we'll do any more work to-day."

You would gather that the Larsen woman had been "on location" before. So she had, but not with this director. He promptly told her to make up again as they'd be "shooting" again in another ten minutes, and if she thought he couldn't pick up blondes to play her part at three a dollar, she had another guess coming to her. Miss Larsen began to make up once more, while I was ordered, with a couple of others, to take the boat over the river and fetch the missing stuff. It was five minutes after we had left shore that the trouble began.

The boat we had commandeered for the job was a prehistoric specimen that had obviously spent many years in the open, very often out of water. Its timbers were split and weather-pallid. There were holes where no boat has holes. The thing was a marvellous tribute to the man who had built it. Any ordinary boat would have given up its thankless existence years ago.

I think it was the weight of Slattery, the chief man-handler of the company, that did it. I had noticed a definite sag in some of the rotten boards when he had come over before. He stood six feet and a half in his socks and weighed about eighteen stone. At any rate, we had got about a couple of hundred yards from the shore when the boat suddenly began to resemble a sieve. The timbers parted in every possible place and long, thin lines of white water started to hiss up at us.

We dropped our oars and started to bale like madmen. Each of us managed to find an old bait-can and the amount of water we chucked overboard was positively astonishing. But it was a drop in the ocean to what was coming in through the floor. It was obvious, after several hectic minutes, that we were wasting our time. Slattery was the first to express this opinion, but we had all three thought it for long.

"We're wasting our blasted time," he said. Fear was beginning to show in his eyes. I don't know whether it was in mine, but it was in my heart all right. The same might be said of Higgins, the third fellow. For I knew that not one of us could swim. And there wasn't the ghost of a chance to beach the boat. We were too far from shore.

Then I saw a quick gleam in Slattery's eyes as his worried glance fell to the floor of the boat near my feet. I looked down, not knowing in the least what to expect. I saw the curve of a lifebuoy sticking out of the bottom of a locker under the tiller. Heaven knows how the thing came there. Three of them, or none, would have been all right. But *one only*!

In a flash I dropped into a seat over it, tore out the buoy and held fast to it. Slattery moved forward, his great fists waving in the air, eyes suddenly lit to murder. Higgins crouched down in the deepening water and looked fearfully at us both. He wasn't a brave man, I'm afraid; but then none of us was just then. We were mere animals, ready to fight for our own, precious individual lives.

"I—I can't swim," Slattery mouthed, coming nearer to me.

"Neither can I," I snarled. "Nor can Higgins. Now what?"

Slattery said nothing but he edged a little closer. He looked away as if seeking for words to say, but

I knew he was waiting for a chance to sock me one and get the lifebuoy. He had the strength to win in the end anyway, but his terrified soul wanted the buoy before the hissing water grabbed him. Then Higgins spoke.

"I'm married," he said, in a trembling falsetto. "I ought to have the thing. Gawd knows what Jane'll do without me to earn for 'er and the kids." He broke off and sat with hunched shoulders, a look of pathetic hopelessness in his eyes. He knew his appeal was no good. He knew that we two bigger men were going to take advantage of his weaker physique. I stood a fighting chance against Slattery if I could use the heavy rowlock I had managed to grab without his seeing, but Higgins would be eaten up by either of us.

Slattery looked down at the rising water and stark terror gripped him. You could see it master him and then see him master it again. The effort actually made his chest heave.

"We'll toss for it," he said to me, in silky tones. "Got a coin?"

I had, and so had he. But I knew why he had asked me to look for one. So soon as my eyes were off him, so soon as I bent a little to fumble in my pocket, I knew his enormous fist would knock my head off. I could read it in the eyes he kept so carefully on the water. The danger of the moment gave me a sort of insight into the hulking great brute. It made me happy to be certain that, whatever he thought of doing, I should know what it was beforehand. And the heavy rowlock in my hand gave me a distinct chance to live.

The boat had drifted out farther than ever now and the water was coming in steadily. At the most, we had another five minutes before the damned old sieve went down under us. Slattery was getting panicky again. Higgins sat and wrung his hands and moaned like a whipped puppy. That was the best protest against death he could produce.

The crisis was due at any moment. Slattery would make his big bid for the lifebuoy within a few seconds. I gave a last look round, up river and down, at the shore on each side. I saw the rest of the gang waving at us like idiots, not knowing, probably, what was up, and cursing us for not getting a move on. Then I tensed myself and spoke.

"Slattery," I said, "we're behaving like damned fools. Let's try baling again."

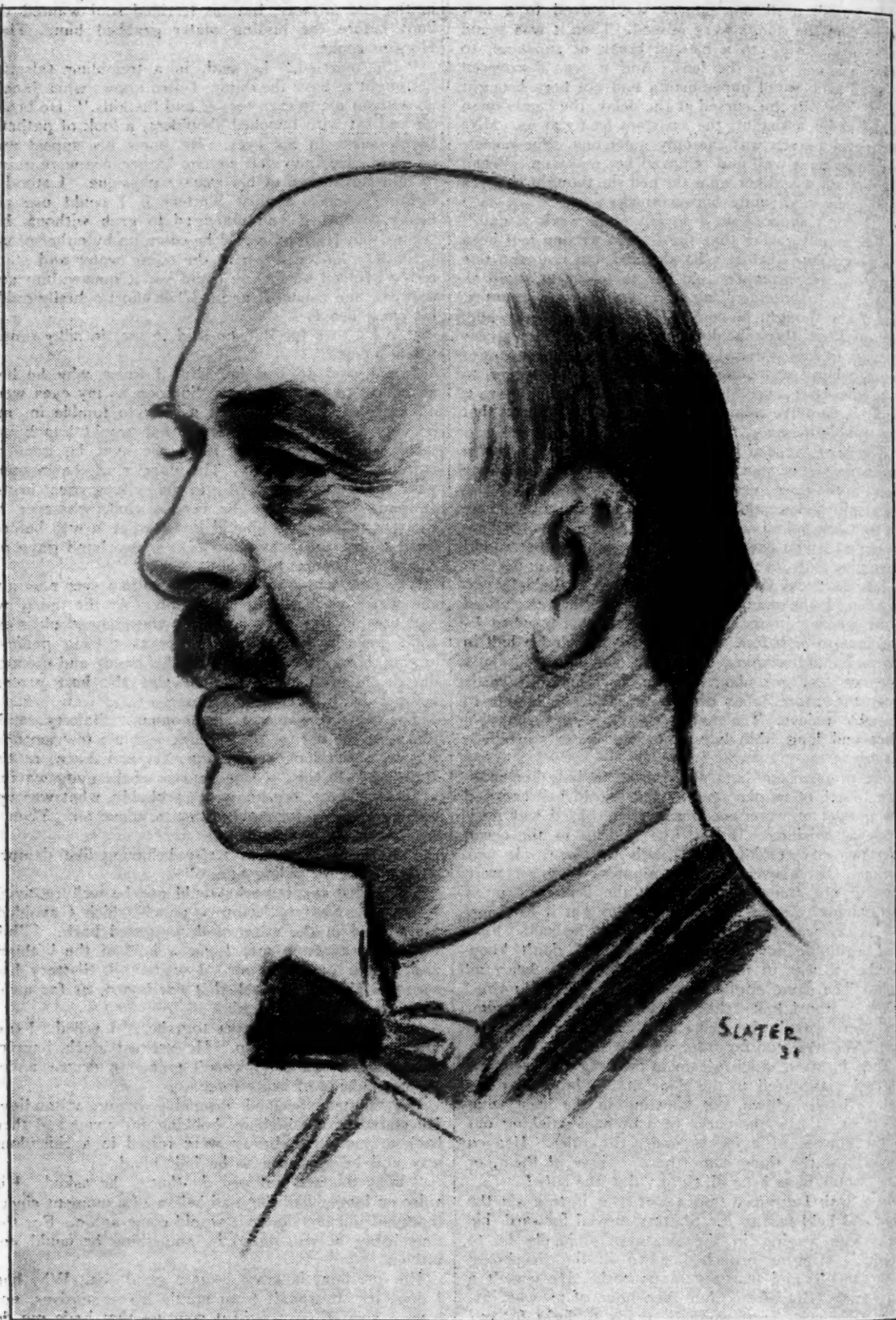
I felt that my remark would not be well received. It wasn't. Slattery let out a punch which I avoided. He slipped in the water and staggered back. While he was away from me, I got a hold of the lifebuoy and held it up in the air. I waited till Slattery had seen it and then I chucked it overboard, as far away from the boat as I could.

"We'll all take a chance together," I yelled. I saw Higgins's eyes brighten. He seemed much happier now that he knew he wasn't going to drown under the compulsion of brute force.

But Slattery seemed incapable of understanding. He stared at the lifebuoy bobbing far away and then back at me. His brows were raised in a ridiculous way and he appeared to be half blind.

"Why the hell did you do that?" he asked. His voice no longer had the mad bellow of a moment since, though I did not doubt it would come again. For the time being he was dazed by something he could not fathom.

His question, however, was a good one. Why had I done it? It wasn't from purely heroic motives, nor from a sort of cornered-rat courage that bade me do my best to outwit Slattery's chance of living. God knows what I would have done if the situation, from my point of view, had not changed. I was the only one facing up-river, and, in that last look round before Slattery came at me, I had seen a fast motor-boat coming down, quite near to us. I think that must have been the reason.



MAJOR A. A. LONGDEN  
"Burlington House"



## THE THEATRE

## A FLORENTINE TRAVESTY

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

*The Venetian.* By Clifford Bax. Little Theatre.

I KNEW I was doomed to yet another dose of self-education directly I saw that 'The Venetian' was by Mr. Clifford Bax. After his 'Socrates' I found myself impelled to spend the next few days with Loeb, tracing the passages he had extracted so discriminately and conglutinated so ingeniously, and ascribing this to the Platonic Socrates, that to the contemporary Bax. And now 'The Venetian'—or rather, a provocative note in the programme—has involved me in library-catalogues, encyclopædias, histories of the Medicis, and Mary Steegmann's Life of Bianca Capello—and all because I couldn't quite accept that programme-note's assurance that "there is very little fiction in the events of this play." You see, it was much too good dramatically to be true historically!

But before I offer for inspection one or two significant discoveries I made while mining in Florentine history, let me hasten to commend this clever, interesting and entertaining play to everyone (if such there be?) with whom my commendation of a play has any influence. Let me add that I fancy the London Theatre Company has got what is called "a winner"; for though 'The Venetian' is a play which an intelligent person can enjoy without having to adjust his intelligence to the level of "popular" taste, I see no reason why the general should find it caviare. And I ought, perhaps, to mention also (though the play-reporters of the daily newspapers have already drawn so much attention to the fact, that to mention it again is probably unnecessary), Mr. Bax has had the sense to write this episode of sixteenth-century Florentine history, not in that soporific "literary" fustian which for years has been an unaccountable and blighting convention of our so-called "costume-plays," but in the living language of contemporary drama. And in heaven's name, why not? Mr. Bax has precedent to justify him—and I don't mean Bernard Shaw! Shakespeare made Hamlet in legendary Denmark, Lear in early Britain, Cæsar and Antony and all the rest of them, converse in the language of his contemporary drama! That our twentieth-century stage-dialogue happens to be more colloquial is beside the point. Or rather, so much the better! So much the more appropriate; so much the nearer to an accurate reproduction of Florentine conversation! In a word, so much the less anachronistic! For whatever their colloquial language may have been (and no one knows, or ever can know), we may at least be certain that they didn't converse in Elizabethan English literature! The one and only quality that a modern author can attempt to reproduce is that of sounding to its hearers like the normal conversation of their fellow-men. Mr. Bax has reproduced this quality; with the result that the characters in 'The Venetian' are as alive and real as any Messrs. Coward, Maugham or Lonsdale have created. Which leads me to suggest that what is wanted in order to popularize the works of Shakespeare is not so much Hamlets in Modern Dress, as Hamlets in Modern Language!

"There is very little fiction in the events of this play." It depends, of course, on what one understands by "very little"; but at least as much as Shakespeare allowed himself in 'Richard III,' for example! Nor would I complain, nor even have discussed the matter, had not Mr. Bax himself provoked me with his programme-note. But since he insists that his play is, not so much a whitewashing of *la pessima Bianca* (for one uses whitewash only to conceal an infamous reality, and Bianca was really "a fine, honest woman," or at least

so Mr. Bax assures us), as an attempt to do for her what the Office of Works has to do for the more provocative of Mr. Epstein's monsters—that is, to wash away the tar and feathers with which a malicious and defamatory tradition has besmirched her reputation (though why Mr. Bax should have bothered himself to do this for a woman who has been comfortably dead for over 300 years, and of whose evil reputation, and indeed of whose very existence, most people nowadays are either ignorant or only very vaguely aware, I cannot imagine!); but since he has chosen to do this, and since it could only be done (to change the metaphor) by feeding us on uncooked facts and refusing to garnish them with even a "very little" fiction if that fiction might conceivably contribute to the vindication of Bianca; and since this play contains not a single incident which is absolutely accurate, but consists for the most part of distorted history, long-exploded legends, and the specious coinage of Mr. Bax's fertile imagination, I feel compelled to draw attention to a few of the more manifest historical perversions in this travesty of Bianca's story.

Why, for instance, are the dates, which the programme ascribes to the various scenes, in every case deliberately falsified? Why do Piero, the penniless Florentine bank clerk, and Bianca, the Venetian heiress and patrician, elope to Florence in 1574; instead of 1563? Was it to enable Mr. Bax to make it the dramatically important Duke Francesco (who afterwards became her lover and eventually her husband) instead of the otherwise irrelevant Duke Cosimo I, who, when enjoined by Venice to punish the presumptuous young man with death, was persuaded by Bianca's loveliness to temper justice with susceptibility? One applauds the dramatic ingenuity of this intertwining of two unrelated stories; but can one conscientiously describe it as a "very little" fiction?

I must pass over other minor fictions—for instance, Mr. Bax's use of the legendary poisoned tart (which he transforms into a glass of poisoned wine) to kill off Bianca and the Duke, and the dating of it 1578 instead of 1587; the libellous stories he invents in order to discredit Bianca's enemies, including Ferdinando; the metamorphosis of the poet Malespini from a swordsman (whose bare bodkin helped the Ricci gang to give Piero his quietus!) into an emasculated lap-dog, and come to as impudently brazen a piece of fiction as any propaganda ever dared invent! Mr. Bax actually tries to persuade us that Antonio, the famous infant whom Bianca bought (or rather, stole) from its unfortunate mother, and thrust upon Francesco as his bastard child by herself, was in fact her own son by her lawful spouse Piero! Is this why Mr. Bax ascribes Piero's death to 1575 instead of 1572? Antonio was born in August, 1576! And to falsify a date, in order to make Antonio's legitimacy consistent with the laws of gestation, may have seemed to Mr. Bax a less outrageous (or at least a less palpable) fiction, than would have been a period of pregnancy lasting roughly fifty months! . . .

As a vindication of Bianca, then, this play is—unconvincing, shall we say? On the other hand (and it's the only hand that matters), as a play about life in sixteenth-century Florence, a play inspired by the romantic and exciting story of Bianca, 'The Venetian' is extraordinarily convincing. And the acting and production are throughout so good that, if I mention only Miss Rawlings, Messrs. Wilfrid Walter, Alastair Sim and Ivan Brandt, and Miss Van Volkenburd (the producer of the play), it is not because their colleagues were less excellent, but because it is to these five persons that the most important tasks have been entrusted.

And now I can sit comfortably back and wait for Mr. Bax (or for that Mr. Howard Peacey, to whom, as to a modern Holinshed, he makes "acknowledgments") to write a letter to the SATURDAY REVIEW in which my amateur efforts at historical criticism will be utterly confuted!

## THE FILMS

### CHARLES CHAPLIN

By MARK FORREST

*City Lights.* Directed by Charles Chaplin. The Dominion.

THE chief weakness of the cinema, especially the British one, is the lack of co-ordination which exists between the director, the author and the actor. This state of affairs is the primary cause of the unsatisfactory pictures which so frequently result, and because Mr. Chaplin is not only the director, but also the author of and the chief actor in 'City Lights,' his latest film is endowed with an initial advantage that it is impossible to overestimate. Of the three functions—directing, writing and acting for the screen—the first named is much the most important, and it is fortunate that Mr. Chaplin, the director, is stronger than Mr. Chaplin, the author, or Mr. Chaplin, the actor. Being a director of the first rank he is not afraid to curb either his authorship or his acting in an endeavour to provide a picture which he, as the director, is satisfied does not suffer either from over-emphasis or discursiveness. He can and does take a sequence over and over again to eliminate the former; he can and does take the scissors to clip away the latter with the admirable result that, when he has finished arguing with himself, there is not a "frame" too many. That the triangular argument is none the less vigorous for being a silent one is shown by the fact that 'City Lights' has taken over three years to make.

The picture shows no marked changes in treatment from his two former ones, 'The Gold Rush' and 'The Circus'; indeed, apart from a discreet use of sound, Mr. Chaplin might have "faded out" on one and "faded in" on the next without anyone being aware of the long period of time which has elapsed between the making of the first and the last of them. This latest story contains the same mixture of farce and pathos which he has so successfully blended before; there are still those touches of vulgarity which the low-brows enjoy, and he is still careful to preserve the good opinions of the high-brows by never allowing his pathos to become bathos. He is still the master of detail, which as an actor he portrays so whimsically and, as a director, manages so carefully; and above all he is still faithful to the true art of cinematography, which is to unfold the story by means of pantomime. That the pantomime is aided by a proper employment of sound effects, no one will deny; and Mr. Chaplin has reinforced 'City Lights,' with the theme of which everyone is by now, I suppose, familiar, by an astute use of them. He has also made a synchronized score, the music of which he has composed himself, though the theme song sounded to me very like one which Mistinguette sang in Paris not so very long ago.

Apart, then, from the photography of Gordon Pollock, Mr. Chaplin's latest picture is all his work, and it attains, in consequence, a polish which is rarely found in the cinema of to-day. Of his acting it is sufficient to say that it is as droll as ever, and his leading lady, Virginia Cherrill, has been admirably cast. Neither his authorship nor his music is of much account, but his genius as a director makes up for his other shortcomings. The fact remains, however, that I do not think 'City Lights' is as good an entertainment as either 'The Gold Rush' or 'The Circus,' though it is the best film which has been shown this year. As a climax for his next I suggest the amazing scenes which took place on the Friday night when the picture was first shown; the snob and the mob provided an admirable contrast.

## THE "SATURDAY" COMPETITIONS NEW SERIES—XXIII

A. The SATURDAY REVIEW offers a First Prize of Ten Guineas, a Second Prize of Six Guineas, and a Third Prize of Three Guineas for the three best Essays on the position which, in an ideally just world, women would be entitled to take in art, science, literature, and industry.

These essays may be of any length and may express any opinion whatever; and since in this case they will be judged by two umpires—one a man, the other a woman—competitors may be assured that equal justice will be done. The entries will be judged less from their actual standpoint than by the arguments with which they are supported. If, therefore, competitors think that in an ideal world women should be supreme in art or literature; or if, on the other hand, they hold that women should be strictly confined to the home and domestic duties, they need have no hesitation in saying so.

Competitors are advised to adopt a pseudonym, and to enclose their name and address in a sealed envelope. Essays must be accompanied by a coupon, which will be found in this or any subsequent issue.

The SATURDAY REVIEW can accept no responsibility for MSS. lost or destroyed in the post.

The closing date for this Competition will be Monday, May 4, and it is hoped to announce the results early in June.

B. The SATURDAY REVIEW offers two prizes, of a Guinea and a Half and Half a Guinea, for the best Epitaph composed either by a woman who loved a husband that did not love her, or by a husband who loved a wife that did not love him.

The epitaph should not be more than 10 lines in length, and may be melancholy, ironic, resigned, pious, or even comic in character.

Epitaphs must be accompanied by a coupon, which will be found in this or any subsequent issue.

The closing date for this Competition will be March 23, and the results will be announced in the issue of April 11.

## RESULT OF COMPETITION XVIII JUDGE'S REPORT

That nearly all the plays submitted for this Competition were exceedingly bad was neither surprising to the judge nor discreditable to their authors—one-act plays, even when written by experienced professional dramatists, being as a rule extremely poor stuff.

In judging those submitted, I have put myself in the position of a play-agent seeking one-act plays suitable for every sort of manager: music-hall playlets, curtain-raisers, and triple-bill programmes of the Intellectual theatre. But even after thus widening the range of possible qualification for the prize as far as possible, I have had to exclude all those which ignored the fact that this is 1931 (and several appeared to have been written about 1880), however suitable they might have been considered fifty—or even twenty—years ago. The number of competitors who made use of long soliloquies and what are called "asides," was the most surprising feature of the competition.

The best of what I may perhaps describe as the Coliseum-playlet type were 'The Actress,' by Leontes; 'Portrait of Lady Ann,' by Rupes; and 'The Spur,' by Hall Wood. Of these I select the first-named as the one most likely to entertain an ordinary variety-theatre audience.

Turning to less conventional material, I find much to admire in 'Two More for the Lottery,' by Aries; and 'Dusty Finds the Lady,' by A. G., in both of which the Cockney dialogue is fluent, natural and amusing, while their plots are weak and undramatic. The



former is the better of these two, especially as regards the relevance of its delightfully chaotic incidents to its final curtain. Another play by A. G. ('Man Proposes') relates a Black-and-Tan tragedy rather too crudely to be effective.

The strangest of the plays submitted was 'A Friend in Need,' by H. Newte, but its delightfully ludicrous opening situation was insufficiently developed to retain one's interest.

The play that has puzzled me most is 'To Fit the Crime,' by Catherine Clive. It is described by its author as of the Grand Guignol type, and like nearly all such plays it verges on the ludicrous. But it certainly tells an original melodramatic story, and the fact that the date of its events is 1827, and its scene is laid in a squalid criminal-class environment, helps to keep it on the right side of the border-line between the horrific and the derisive. Another play by the same author ('Sweetest Eyes') is so unquestionably on the wrong side, as to dispose me to question his ability as a dramatist; but the prize is for the best play, and not for the best playwright, and I must therefore disregard his other melodrama. And since 'To Fit the Crime' is, in my opinion, the one play which has, not only originality but an essentially dramatic story, and also dialogue which is suitable to the type of play, its characters, and the year and place in which its plot is laid, I recommend it (not without misgiving!) for the prize.

[We regret that owing to the length of these plays consideration of space prevents the publication of the prize-winning entry.—Ed. S.R.]

#### RESULT OF COMPETITION XVIIIb

##### JUDGE'S REPORT

The quality of the entries, with one or two brilliant exceptions, was disappointing: perhaps potential competitors thought that the nation's finances were too serious a matter for Gilbertian verse. W. G. was good, though in places his scansion was at fault, while Emil Davis seems to have confused Mr. Snowden's policy with that of Mr. Lloyd George. L. V. Upward deserves special mention. The prize is awarded to E. W. F.

##### MR. SNOWDEN'S SONG

A more relentless Chancellor never  
Did in this land exist:

My country has beckoned,  
I mean to be reckoned

A stern economist.

It is my most supreme endeavour  
The national purse to fill;

To dodge a deficit,  
(To hide it or miss it)

By my financial skill.

##### CHORUS:

My Budget every year

You certainly ought to hear;

I sting the Commoner and the Peer,  
The Commoner and the Peer.

In each I gladly scent,

In castle or villa or tent,

A source of national increment,  
Of national increment.

The gentleman who can never remember,

When filling up tax returns,

To say what he's making

In each undertaking

And leaves out half he earns,

I'll cut out his luncheon from May to December

And hungry though he be,

That truculent sinner

Shall go without dinner,

And only have Schedule T.

##### CHORUS:

My Budget every year, etc.

All smokers and drinkers and theatre-goers

I'll make my special prize,

And those who are shift

Enough to be thrifty

I'll heavily penalize.

The heir who comes into his father's money,

He too shall be my prey;

And as he inherits,

Far more than he merits,

I'll carry it all away.

##### CHORUS:

My Budget every year, etc.

The merchant who begs for tariffs and duties,

And long safe-guarding lists,

The Empire Free-Traders,

And ditto Crusaders,

And all Protectionists,

And Primrose Dames and Conservatives beauties

A fearsome fate shall share,

They shall go to Gehenna

With Mr. McKenna,

And be safe-guarded there.

##### CHORUS:

My Budget every year, etc.

E. W. F.

#### RESULT OF COMPETITION Xa

##### JUDGE'S REPORT

This week I must regretfully advise the Editor to withhold the prizes of fifteen and ten guineas offered for detective stories of crime, mystery or terror. The best I can do is to ask him to repeat the offer, and, while awaiting results, give consolation prizes of four and two guineas to Pollux and Maritana respectively.

Pollux, I imagine, is a student of Poe. He has thought of a story such as might have been used for a nineteenth-century novelette, given it a ghostly twist, and tried to turn it into literature. He has nearly, but not quite, succeeded. The tale concerns two victims and a villain. As victim number one is waiting to kill the villain, the shade of victim number two enters to announce that justice has been done. For a narrative of this kind to be acceptable, a certain atmosphere must be created and sustained, and this can only be done by skilful choice and arrangement of words. As I read Pollux, I am too conscious that he is straining to make me creep. There is a voice "like a trickle of ice"; there is "the pale gleam" of a face; there are "tenuous hands." In several places the writer shows himself an artist, but in others he has not had the art to hide his craft. His best touch is the ghost's complaint that the villain was "so insensitive" as to be slow in heeding he was haunted.

Maritana is a disciple of Mr. Chesterton's Father Brown, with less of the little priest's innocence than of his wisdom. She writes with any amount of wit, but some of her most brilliant passages lead no whither. She must learn that, in a short story, fireworks which do not illuminate the story are impertinences. Also, in a tale of mystery, she must remember that it is futile to give clues which cannot be followed. No human being could have divined that her imp sketched by Macarthy was meant to be Stevenson's Bottle Imp, while her portrait of the wicked uncle suggested, not a drunkard, but a murderer.

Among other competitors to be mentioned, W. Stead struck a vein of tragedy and lost it through using too many words. I have the same fault to find with Sasha, who must have fairly gutted the dictionary for adjectives. S. T. James drew the maximum of horror from

the idea of a criminal imagining himself on the scaffold and hesitating whether to allow an innocent man to take his place, but the machinery of the plot was awkwardly improvised. The medieval evidence furnished by *Bruit de Diable* was interesting and, I fancy, technically sound, but the writer made the common mistake of imagining that relation of a curious happening by itself constitutes a story. Patrick has yet to discover the gulf dividing terror from mere horridness.

The majority of competitors, I must observe, agreed in ignoring the request that they should submit *detective* stories. They tried their hands at crime, mystery and terror, but with detection they refused to deal at all. I propose, therefore, that the word "detective" be eliminated from the rules if the Editor consents to reopen the competition. At the same time I would remark to all concerned that crimes are dull things unless they present some sort of problem either to policeman or psychologist. Also, it should be kept in mind that a criminal may have a pleasant face and manner, and even an agreeable side to his, or her, character. In fiction, as well as in fact, the obvious and complete blackguard or vampire is almost sure to be a failure. As to writers of the "shocker," I can, of course, give them no recipe, but they ought to realize that a story which is a continuous shock from start to finish is exceptional. Generally speaking, it is wise to reserve blood and thunder for a climax, and to prepare the way to it by a gentle hint or two hidden, yet not completely hidden, in the body of a homely narrative.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

† The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

† Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

### ELECTORAL REFORM

SIR,—Each of the political parties seems to have split, or to be on the point of splitting, into three or more fractions. The late Conservative Party is now divided into Baldwinians, Crusaders, and a United Empire faction, not to mention Mr. Churchill. The Labour Party is about to lose the Mosleys and their retainers, and the Independent Labour Party may any day prove, as well as declare, its independence. The Liberal Party, to which I plead guilty to belonging, has also its domestic differences. A fragment of it may still be following Mr. Lloyd George, and other fragments follow Sir John Simon or the shade of the late Lord Oxford. Should no Communist intervene, nine candidates may be an average for each constituency at the next election. In the circumstances, why does the Government stop short at the offer of one alternative vote? The only limitation on the number of our preferences should be the number of names on the ballot paper, minus one.

I am, etc.,  
RADICAL

### 'TOO YOUNG AT FIFTY'

SIR,—The report of the enquiry into the wreck of the Nelson liner, *Highland Hope*, followed hard upon your article pointing out that promotion was deferred too long, and it suggests that one cause at least of this delay is that the old retain their posts beyond the proper age for retirement. In this case the captain of the liner was well over 70—an age at which most shipping companies recognize that, however efficient

a man may have been in his prime, he has no longer the strength to support the heavy physical and mental responsibility of navigating a ship in all weathers. The Court of Enquiry (B.O.T.) held that "the owners could not be absolved from all blame for the casualty, in that they employed as master of their ship a man whose age was such that he could not reasonably be expected to withstand the mental and physical strain of commanding a large and fast passenger vessel."

You might, Sir, profitably raise the kindred question: At what age should a man retire?

I am, etc.,  
T. W. A.

### DECORATIONS FOR DOGS

SIR,—I must protest against the extraordinary attack made in your excellent paper against the awarding of Gugnunc Silver Collars to brave dogs who have either saved, or have attempted to save, human life.

How such well merited decorations can be described as "sensational" I utterly fail to see. It is a movement which has the sympathy and support of dog lovers all over the world; the collars are awarded as some small recognition of the steadfast loyalty and unselfishness of these splendid creatures in the service of man.

I shall be much obliged if you will give publicity to this letter.

I am, etc.,  
B. J. LAMB  
(Uncle Dick)  
Geraldine House, E.C.4

### THE ABUSE OF EDUCATION

SIR,—The president of an American university was reported some time ago to have said: "The parent rushes into the mind of the child, without so much as the courtesy of a knock on the door, and proceeds to impose his nature and his notions on the proud but powerless child."

This man evidently shares the opinions of a modern school of child "trainers" and "educators" who teach that children should be deferred to, that their desires should be respected, that they should seldom or never be chastised, and that their ideas are as good as the ideas of their elders, and perhaps a shade better.

It is not strange that such ideas concerning children's minds and concerning the method of child training should be in vogue to-day, for we live in an age that takes a perverse delight in going counter to all the wisdom and good of the past. Common sense and everyday experience ought to teach us that children know nothing, that their minds are blank tablets upon which we have to impress the characters that will tell the stories of their future lives. Children have no well-defined thoughts, and no fixed principles. Instead of thoughts, a succession of images, some pleasurable, others painful, pass over their minds. They have certain impulses, some good, others bad. The good impulses should be strengthened and directed towards right ends, the bad impulses should be restrained, and, so far as possible, eradicated.

Of course we should not educate and train children as we train animals, by whip and lash when they do ill, and by placing savory tit-bits under their noses when they do well; though a moderate and judicious administration of such punishments and rewards does children good. But let us have no silly notions about knocking on the door of the proud but powerless child. While we should not break a child's spirit; and while we should inculcate in him a proper feeling of self-respect, pride is the one thing above all that we should drive out of him. "Pride is the only sin that never quite is conquered."

I am, etc.,  
Idaho, U.S.A. CHARLES HOOPER



## BIMETALLISM

SIR,—The economic wheel has come round again, and we are once more—as in the 'nineties of last century—in the presence of a heavy fall in the price-level of the staple commodities.

As before, the effect of this general fall has been disastrous to all producers everywhere, and so to all those dependent on them.

The reason is, as Sir Josiah Stamp has frequently pointed out, the construction of the currency, and the real and only right remedy is an international return to the dual standard which should never have been abandoned, and was only lost through a mistake about the monetary teaching of John Locke made by the first Lord Liverpool in his book on the coins of the realm, and perpetuated and consummated by that arch-mediocrity the second Lord Liverpool in the anti-silver statutes of 1816.

This kind of inflation would be very different from inflation caused by the further issue of mendacious paper money, which sort of paper money is always ultimately a grave evil.

It will be in the recollection of many of us that in 1897, or thereabouts, the Walcott Commission came from America to this country for the purpose of arranging an international bimetallic policy in connexion with the expressed wish of the governments of France, Germany, America and India.

The late Lord Balfour, who was a strong bimetallist himself, told the commissioners that he was sorry to say the City of London would not have bimetallism and that the Government could not oppose the City! From that moment we bimetallists knew that sinister influences were at work. They still are.

Bimetallism is now generally regarded as a lost cause. No doubt it may have been in a sense "killed by kindness" through the enormous and unexpected increase in the output of gold in South Africa, but population and production have again outstripped the production of gold, and the economic conditions of the 'nineties of last century have recurred.

In all the dreary annals of stupidity there is no drearier chapter than that in which the obstinacy of our nominal rulers is chronicled. Here was an opportunity offered to associate ourselves with the enlightened policy of France, Germany, America and India, and to put ourselves in agreement with the conviction of nearly all the professors of economics in Europe, and yet we allowed the unscrupulous bankers of Lombard Street to maintain the monstrous iniquity of the gold standard (to which we did not "return" a few years ago as we had never abandoned it), a standard which is the main proximate cause of our difficulties in India and of all our economic distress. Is that hideous wrong never going to be righted?

I am, etc.,

35 Munster Square, N.W.1

J. H. HALLARD

## BAKERS AND PROTECTION

SIR,—One of the sorest issues in politics to-day is the duel between the Free Trader and the Tariff Reformer, although perhaps not one of us is wholly the one or the other. In my trade, Reading has just lifted this controversy clean out of the hands of the politicians, and has shown the rest of the country how to outwit their foreign competitors, quietly and without fuss.

There are 40 bakers in Reading. Some weeks ago, only 12 of them refused to sell imported flour. The millers approached the bakers and asked them whether they would not like to do something about it, whereat the bakers co-operated with such heartiness that, within a fortnight, 20 more of them have switched over to home-milled flour; the result being that only 7 bakers in Reading, instead of 28, now buy their flour from abroad.

The moral of what Reading has already so splendidly achieved is this: that any British industry can have Protection when it wants it if its manufacturers and its distributors work together, as the millers and the bakers are doing to-day, and make the public aware of the shops where the home product is to be purchased.

The public, who are the third party in the alliance, may be absolutely relied upon to buy what their own countrymen have to offer them if, as in the case of home-milled flour, the quality is equal to that of the imported commodity, and the price is no higher.

I am, etc.,

J. W. BANFIELD

(Secretary Amalgamated Union of  
Operative Bakers and Confectioners)

## A MISTRANSLATION

SIR,—With no wish to revive the discussion about Tolstoy, to which you have put a timely stop, I would crave leave to correct an ill rendering to which I may have appeared silently to assent.

The Russian idiom *Ya èë videt' ne mog* is misrepresented by "I could not see her." It is better rendered by "I could not even look at her," which makes quite a difference to the general sense of the passage in which it occurs.

It happens that in the Introduction to my 'Life of Tolstoy,' just out in the "World's Classics" series, I have had occasion to comment on another similar mistranslation and to show how easily considerable misconceptions may grow out of such apparently slight verbal slips.

I am, etc.,

Great Baddow,  
Chelmsford

AYLMER MAUDE

## DEMOCRACY AND EMPIRE

SIR,—If democracy cannot govern an Empire it may save itself, perhaps, by letting the Empire go. But if it cannot face up to economic facts at home, it can only destroy itself. The situation in Australia looks like the touchstone. The economic facts are hardly in dispute. For years the country has been raising large loans, both internal and external, until its public debt aggregates (according to the 'Statesman's Year Book') nearly £1,100 millions. Of this total less than £290 millions is represented by war expenditure. The bulk of the money has been expended in public works, including such directly reproductive undertakings as harbours, railways, roads and irrigation schemes. But there has been a considerable leakage. Customs duty levied on imported material for such work was applied to revenue purposes, including interest on the loan. With the abundance of borrowed money in hand, State wages were based on a fancy "standard of living"—thereby inflating the cost of these works—instead of on the national ability to pay out of income. The artificial scale of wages thus set by the State was imposed also upon industry. The inevitable crash came suddenly, with the world-wide fall in value of primary products, on the export of which Australia had relied to meet the bulk of the interest bill and sustain her credit for further borrowing.

Could a truer sample of demagoguery be found than the recently cabled speech of Mr. Lang, the Premier of New South Wales? Deliberately fomenting ill-will towards Britain, he seeks to drag the red herring of the war across the trail of his own and his Party's ruinous extravagance. He actually represents Australia as having been forced into the war by British "financial interests," and her overseas interest bill of £36,000,000 a year as due to the war alone. Accordingly he advocates "withholding payment,"

and says, "if this is a policy of repudiation it is not with the people of Australia that faith would be broken but with the international financial interests." Let us look behind the smoke screen, at the balance sheet of an old provident society, one of very many in this country. For fifty years its thrifty working-class members have saved their pennies. Their slowly accumulated funds have been invested by trustees in stocks officially approved for this purpose, including Australian Government loans under the Colonial Stocks Act. The interest goes to paying the members their benefits, and the capital is theirs for distribution if the society is wound up. Such are the real people whom Mr. Lang, champion of Labour, proposes to rob—at the safe distance of 12,000 miles. How he would deal with the internal loans is of less moment here. But it is worth remembering that the Australian workers are almost universally interested as policy-holders in local societies which have invested heavily in these securities.

What are "safe-guards" worth if demagogues goad democracy to take the bit between its teeth? Under the Colonial Stocks Act, passed about thirty years ago, the British Government can veto any overseas legislation which, in the opinion of the Treasury here, seems likely to depreciate the security. Every overseas Government, including New South Wales, which has secured the privilege of the Trustee list for its stocks did so by deliberately agreeing to that provision. Even the last Imperial Conference felt obliged to let it stand, as a matter of good faith. But to-day nobody refers to his constitutional safeguard, because everybody knows it could never be operated against a Dominion. If one contract can be repudiated, so may another. But Mr. Lang does not seem to recognize contracts at all. According to him, it is as much "repudiation" for Britain to buy Russian wheat instead of Australian, as for Australia to refuse payment of her State debts. The fact that in the former case there was never even an informal understanding, while in the latter a definite contract was signed and sealed—and for the most part long before the war—seems to make no difference in his eyes. But one can understand the grievance about Russian wheat, which is the latest boon of Free Trade to this country and the Empire.

It remains to be seen to what extent the Australian democracy will finally repudiate Mr. Lang and his policy. In the meantime it is sad to have Australia scolded in the City when Argentina is patted on the back. Economically the two countries appear to be much in the same plight. Argentina has tried to meet it by inflating her currency, but without any whisper of dishonouring her sterling obligations. Whether or not to avoid some such risk, she changed her Government overnight—a resource not yet open to Britannic democracies. English shareholders in Australian banks have been aggrieved by receiving their dividends in depreciated Australian pounds instead of sterling. But English shareholders in Argentine railways have suffered a similar contraction without the same sense of injury, because it was always understood that the Argentine currency was a matter of internal policy, on which the foreign investor must take a risk. If the Australian pound is no longer the same as the pound sterling in England, had it not better be called by a different name in order to prevent further misunderstanding?

The Labour parties in Australia and Britain have long recognized their political affinity and have tried to give each other moral support. To-day both are called upon to face the economic facts which are shattering their Socialist illusions. We, too, have been living beyond our means, borrowing not only for the dole but for extravagantly executed public works, especially "trunk roads," which can never pay their way. Already we have been warned that these annual borrowings are tantamount to cancelling the annual

appropriation for reducing the national debt. Will Australia now give Britain a lead, or vice versa, by facing up to the facts?

I am, etc.,

RICHARD JEBB

#### 'WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE NAVY?'

SIR,—It is difficult to estimate accurately which of the points made in your article, 'What's Wrong with the Navy?' are the original opinions of the author of the article and which are the opinions he has formed from reading Captain Acworth's book, 'Navies of To-day and To-morrow.'

There are, however, a number of remarks and suggestions made in it which show not only an ignorance of the question but an entire disregard of the facts.

Firstly, the author's suggestion that, to-day, the navy should make up in efficiency what it has lost in strength, means in effect nothing; for the real strength of a navy is the ability of its personnel to exploit the material strength available to its greatest advantage. Were this not so, this ability of the personnel, efficiency, would count for nothing and the strength of a fleet would be the addition on paper of the armaments and speeds of the ships of which it is composed.

However this may be, it is true that no real demonstration of the navy's efficiency can be made without a war, but it is not only unfair but untrue to say that the navy is inefficient because no opportunity has recently occurred in which it may prove the contrary. The fact of the matter is that the navy, in accordance with its traditions, continues its exercises, training and progress in silence, and the general public, used as it is to publicity, cannot understand that work and progress are going on, because nothing is said about it.

Secondly, the suggestion that there is a possibility of the country ever seeing the navy officered by specialists who have never served afloat is quite out of the question, so long as the Admiralty maintain their present policy in this matter, for not only does every executive officer who has specialized (and there are many who have not done so and who spend almost their entire service at sea) get ample executive experience outside his specialist branch between each step in his promotion, but the average length of a shore appointment is only two years, after which, with rare exceptions, an officer goes to sea for a like period before becoming available for another shore appointment. It does not follow, however, that an officer alternates his appointments between sea and shore; quite the contrary is the case, as an examination of Navy Lists will prove.

Captain Acworth's opinions about the substitution of oil for coal in the navy is not shared by the majority of naval officers. It seems probable that in the event of necessity, the naval fuel requirements could be met by the distillation of oil from the coal resources of this country; but, in any case, there is sufficient oil within the Empire to make the navy entirely independent of foreign sources of supply.

Apart, however, from this aspect of the fuel matter, the facts that the introduction of oil fuel has, ton for ton with coal, increased the steaming radii of our ships, enabled structural improvements to be made to them, reduced their stokehold staffs and increased the speed with which bunkering can be completed, are sufficient to outweigh any other advantage which the use of coal may have over oil fuel.

The structural improvements due to the introduction of oil fuel are, in themselves, sufficient to prove the superiority of the ships of the present day over those of the past, to say nothing of the increase in maximum speeds, steaming radii, sea-keeping qualities, increase in the rate of fire and effective range



of armament, greater destructive effect of projectiles, etc., etc.

With these answers to but a few of the criticisms of the navy—and there are answers to them all—by the author of your article and his quotations from Captain Acworth's book, and the knowledge that they will in the future, as in the past, prove equal to any situation which may arise, I shall continue to have the fullest confidence in the Board of Admiralty and the navy.

I am, etc.,  
FISHERITE

Marble Arch, W.1

SIR,—May I be allowed to reply to some of your scathing criticisms on the Royal Navy, in which I had the honour to serve for nearly thirty years, contained in your article 'What's Wrong with the Navy?' published in your issue dated February 28.

Firstly, "Jutland was a fiasco." Never did a similar statement so justify the belief that, give a lie sufficient start, truth will hardly ever overtake it. To call Jutland a fiasco is to belie all the teachings of naval history. I take it that the sole justification for a Fleet action is to sink, capture or so cripple the enemy fleet as to make it impotent for future offence, and this is exactly what Admiral Jellicoe accomplished, if not actually in ships and crews; yet he did so in morale, which was infinitely worse for the German nation.

And how much more might not Admiral Jellicoe have accomplished had he been better served? First take the action of Admiral Beatty—the hero of the popular Press—with the German Battle Cruiser Squadron, wherein he lost valuable time instead of at once getting into touch with his Commander-in-Chief; lost two valuable ships; left his support, the Fifth Battle Squadron, the most powerful squadron in the Grand Fleet, in the air, and was only saved from total destruction by the timely arrival of this same squadron. Thereafter he did no more than any other junior admiral in the Battle of Jutland.

Then, secondly, take the fact that the German Fleet broke through the rear of our Fleet in the early hours of the morning of June 1 and were engaged by some of our light cruisers. This information should have passed to Admiral Jellicoe and never reached him.

And lastly, take the fact that the Admiralty knew that the Germans were returning by the Northern Horn's reef channel and never informed Admiral Jellicoe, who had every reason to presume that they would take the southern channel and had made his arrangements to intercept them accordingly. No man more greatly deserved success than did Admiral Jellicoe and no man has been more unjustly vilified by ignorance, prejudice and *suppressio veri*. Admiral Jellicoe not only accomplished all that any other successful English admiral has accomplished in the past; but the difficulties of his fleet action were such as no other admiral in English history has had to deal with. You appeal to Nelson—to Nelson and his famous contemporaries let us go. In the famous battles I mention in no case did the enemy run away as at Jutland; at Copenhagen and the Nile they could not, and only at the latter was a battle fought in falling light and the dark. The battles are Howe's glorious first of June, 1794, Jervis's St. Vincent, 1797, Nelson's Nile, 1798, Copenhagen—a political atrocity—1801, and Trafalgar, 1805; and, excepting for Trafalgar, the ultimate effect on the enemy's naval power was virtually nil.

The actual results of the Battles of Trafalgar and Jutland were extraordinarily similar. Never again, as long as the war lasted, did the enemy send a powerful fleet to sea; this England of ours was saved from the bugbear of invasion; but a species of naval guerrilla warfare was carried on by frigates, privateers and other commerce destroyers, until the end of the

war in the case of Trafalgar—Admiral Collingwood kept the sea for nearly ten years after Trafalgar; and in the case of Jutland, guerrilla warfare was carried out by submarines. It is no part of my argument, but it is well to remember that Nelson was in active warfare for nearly the whole of his naval life; he had his mishaps like any other human, such as San Juan and Santa Cruz, and he knew when to run before superior force. Let us keep him a national hero, but for God's sake do not let us make a fetish of him.

My second objection is to the remark that the "return to the convoy system was a confession that the various anti-submarine devices were a definite failure." My goodness! What fools we naval men would be if we totally disregarded one of the simplest lessons of naval history: that a convoy was the best means of protecting merchant ships from commerce raiders. The anti-submarine devices prior to 1916 were naturally of secondary importance. No armed ship had any great fear of a submarine, provided an adequate look-out was kept. But who could have foreseen that the Germans, throwing aside all pretence at honest warfare, would turn pirates, running about mouthing and slobbering and biting all and sundry, like mad dogs. Of course, it was all very simple and childlike of the English navy to act as if the age-long honourable traditions and conduct of naval warfare would be practised and honoured by the Germans; but there you are. We, I hope, will always be gentlemen even though fools, and the navy has not a monopoly of either of these attributes.

To drag in the army while vilifying the navy was an unhappy thing to do. Did the army make no mistakes in the war, were no thousands of lives needlessly and recklessly thrown away, were there no lost causes? Impartial history must surely answer these questions with a resounding "Yea." At that I leave it. And what did the navy do in the Great War? Forgive me for answering this question with "we," for I was but a humble unit; but I feel that I am answering for the honour of a service that I love and revere more than anything else in the world. We fought and lost the Battle of Coronel, a story which ranks far above that of the *Revenge* for Sir Richard Grenville was tigerish and pig-headed while Admiral Craddock and his men were simple, kindly seamen who went to certain death and destruction in loyal obedience.

We fought the Battle of Jutland in the end that the Germans should surrender and scuttle their high seas fleet at Scapa Flow. With the aid and loyalty of our sister service, the Mercantile Marine, we carried millions of men and women, horses, guns and ammunition to every seat of land warfare. As Sir Ian Hamilton said, "We were mother and father to the troops at Gallipoli"; both of us.

We and the Royal Naval Reserve and our unsurpassed fishermen kept watch and ward, tireless, day and night, in every sea wherein the enemy might find a footing, without the practical aid of a single Allied naval unit, excepting for a few Japanese destroyers and a few American ones in 1918.

The navy took part in a few other little episodes, such as Heligoland, Falkland Isles, the sinking of the *Emden*, and Zeebrugge; but these would probably be merely considered spectacular, and naval warfare is not in essence spectacular. It consists, in reality, of ceaseless vigilance, nerve and sleep-destroying vigilance, a never-ceasing watch and ward upon the high seas and around the coasts so that those at home may sleep calmly in their beds and never feel the pangs of hunger. And, after all, the navy did starve the Germans into submission.

I am, etc.,  
WILLIAM C. CASTLE  
(Commander R.N. Retired)

W.13

## CROSS WORD PUZZLE—XVIII

## "HIDDEN QUOTATION"

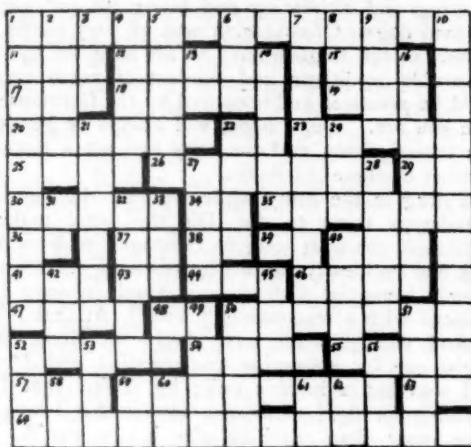
BY MOFO

A weekly prize of any book reviewed or advertised in the current issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, not exceeding half a guinea, will be given for the first correct solution opened. The name of the book selected must be enclosed with the solution; also the full name and correct postal address of the competitor. Solutions must reach us not later than Thursday following publication. Envelopes must be marked "Cross Word" and addressed to the Cross Word Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, W.C.2.

The following numbers form a quotation from an early Victorian, viz.:

16, 45, 50d, 50a, 45, 9, 48a,  
57, 33, 42, 47, 57, 52d, 22d, 28,  
40d, 50a, 18, 50a, 45, 27, 48a,  
55, 12, 45, 26, 1a.

The clues to some of these words are missing.



## QUOTATION AND REFERENCE

## Across.

## CLUES.

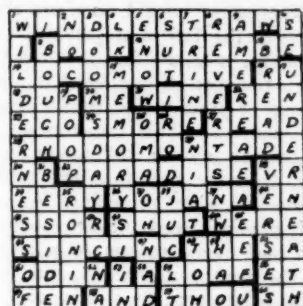
1. Sou hail is bale for fish soup.
11. 44 will provide a little barrel despite the delay.
12. The blind fury with the abhorred shears does this, says the poet.
15. Spenser had this to pity.
17. See 38.
18. See 50d.
19. Daw.
20. The state of the atmosphere when kippers are being cooked.
22. I absorb 31 to become one of the ages of the world.
23. Interjection still sometimes heard on the telephone.
25. Stir.
26. The blue caterpillar was this quietly with its arms folded.
29. A little metal that only wants a bit added to make it reach from your elbow to the tip of your finger.
30. Wrack in a disguise.
34. A taxi would carry me into good order.
35. A broken word of honour has something fishy in it still.
36. See 7.
37. See 58.
38. Behind behind 17 backward.
39. See 59d.
40. If you met me going backward you meet an idol.
41. Scene of 'Denis Duval' is laid here.
43. A printer's measure would make me also.
44. See 11.
46. From dust were we formed, but it is not recorded that we returned to it.
47. Darwin lived here.
50. Here Wat! all that is enough.
52. Mitigate.

54. A child's apron.
59. Flat hunk this to be grateful for.
63. This is the same.
64. Tyne is revenge for something that passed away last night.

## Down.

1. There was a king here whose crown of state was a cotton night-cap.
2. "List'ning the doors an' winnocks rattle,  
I thought me on the ——— cattle."
3. Separated from the Red Cross Knight for a time, I was united to him at last.
4. "Above, they say, our flesh is air, our blood celestial ———."
5. Loam that might produce fish.
6. "The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,  
Which we call 'mollis ———'."
7. A real chip would make a chief sea with 36 reversed.
8. The troublesome part of a church.
9. Hector M'Intyre had a contest with me, and came off second best.
10. This was mixed with fire in Spenser's time.
13. See 24.
14. Tinsmith's anvil.
16. The appurtenance of this is fashion and ceremony.
21. Spenser made this to become less to repent at the finish.
24. Followed by 45 and 13 I start a curse.
27. I am expected to follow after 28.
28. I follow naturally after 27.
31. See 22a.
32. "'Tis better ——— France than trusting France."
33. I was before 60 in Spenser's time.
45. See 24.
48. That is if I were reversed I'd be two orbs before 56.
49. This brilliant person when his back's turned is used as an expression of contempt.
50. "The Red King down from Malwood his 18 with ——— was all aflame."
51. I may be in Ontario, or Tennessee, but my view is in Manitoba.
53. Little aids to big business.
56. The grandfather of I-chabod.
58. I'm after that when I'm after 37.
59. Sandwiched with 39 in slices I make a good head-dress.
60. See 33.
61. If I swallowed 62 a little saint would make me lamentable.
62. See 61.

## SOLUTION OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. XVI



## QUOTATION.

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough  
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and thou  
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—  
Oh Wilderness were Paradise enow!"  
Rubāiyāt of Omar Khayyām

## NOTES.

## Across.

1. Masfield, 'The Ever-lasting Mercy.'
12. Nuremberg.
16. Rune.
20. i.e., meet.
23. Egophony.
30. N(a)b.
33. Queen Victoria, 1837.
44. Weregild.
50. Sa. = Saturday, and "sine anno."
53. Inia.
57. Fen-fire = Will-o'-the-Wisp.

## Down.

2. Nose, slang.
4. i.e., silk.
6. Sutor.
13. Half a loaf, etc.
19. i.e., Nincompoop.
25. Cape Oma in Japan.
38. Two meanings.
52. Nabob.
53. Shin. = bird's shank.
55. Halt.

## RESULT OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. XVI

The winner is the Rev. Charles Gerard Box, Church House, Northampton, who has chosen for his prize, 'The Englishman and His Books in the Early Nineteenth Century,' by Amy Cruise. (Harrap, 7s. 6d.)



## NEW NOVELS

BY H. C. HARWOOD

*Albert Grope.* By F. O. Mann. Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.

*Dermotts Rampant.* By Stephen McKenna. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

*The Three Brothers.* By Edwin Muir. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

*Tumult in the North.* By George Preedy. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

*Back Street.* By Fannie Hurst. Cape. 7s. 6d.

*The Five Red Herrings.* By Dorothy L. Sayers. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

*The Great Southern Mystery.* By G. D. H. and M. Cole. Crime Club. 7s. 6d.

*Found Drowned.* By Eden Phillpotts. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

*Father Malachy's Miracle.* By Bruce Marshall. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

FEW recent books are so difficult to judge as this 'Albert Grope,' the story of a belated Victorian. Here you have Victorianism at its worst; have an excessive modesty about sexual desire, characterization replaced by caricature, an old woman twitted for husband hunting, mental stuffiness and emotional sloppiness. This is a back-parlour sort of book, one is tempted to exclaim, written without reference to humanity, or to that vast complex of desire and repulsion that determines the habits of men. An unreal book about unreal people. All that. And yet—and yet an interesting and intelligent book. Why it should be so is worth investigating.

On the face of it, any journalist given a greasy dressing gown, pen and ink, a Bible, a bottle of gin and some hours of quiet, could have turned out, if he had wanted, a bad imitation of Dickens up to date. Mr. Mann has added some imaginative quality of his own. What at first appeared a rather tedious pastiche is again and again lifted into beauty by Mr. Mann's responsiveness to those common but never contemptible stimuli, poverty, loneliness, defeated desire. That virtue called charity rescues 'Albert Grope' from easy satire.

The Victorian novelists had a story to tell, but Mr. Mann has none. I wish, therefore, he would abstain from the old 'Household Words' touch, and adventure with all his strength and sweetness into modernity. He has it in him to rival such neo-Victorians as Mr. Priestley and Mr. Marshall and even Mr. Walpole. One wants books like this, that one can sit in as comfortably as a club armchair. 'Albert Grope' is well worth reading, and only a fool would fail to descry its tacit irony, but I do wish Mr. Mann would break away from all conventions except those imposed upon him by his own temperament, and Victorianism is not in my opinion one of those conventions.

An accident made 'Sonia' an astounding success. Well, I do not know that it was an accident. The relations between the sexes were in those old war days suddenly changing, and Mr. McKenna made a preliminary survey, deservedly popular. In 'Dermotts Rampant,' after many years of meagre society stuff, comparable with the captions in the glossier pictorials, he makes his come back. His sense of history elevates an otherwise negligible tale into importance, and his humour, too often dimmed when he is not frankly larking, gives colour and flavour. This book is very well worth reading; but why so many dots? Mr. McKenna

is old enough to have advanced beyond his dot-age. Only boys try to cover up lapses in their imagination by typographical devices.

'The Three Brothers' is a solid piece of work, which somehow fails to interest the reader, at least an English reader, for to a Scot the interrelations of Catholicism, Calvinism and Anabaptism may be of the greatest importance. Mr. Muir just fails to make his theme important. He writes about the love of God as if he did not believe in it, and asks us to accept instead a wink and a nudge. When he is simple he is very good indeed. But he is not content to be simple. He is too leary. The result is not good, except in the opinion of those—they are many—who prefer clever to good writing. Mr. Muir should say good-bye to all that and discuss twentieth-century Scotland, not ancient woes.

Mr. George Preedy is always interesting, and his 'Tumult in the North' is rich with the almost consumptive beauty implicit in his best work. I am sorry that Mr. Preedy has had to confess that one of his other aliases is Marjorie Bowen, because it was so funny to find people who have ignored a Bowen giving a Preedy praise. His 'General Crack,' I understand, was as successful as 'The Viper of Milan.' Now the gaff has been blown, Mr. Preedy's novels will no longer be commanded by Bloomsbury. But he is good, yes, he is good. Too cold and too succulent you might call 'Tumult in the North,' but there is a story here with a jog in it, and behind it all the wealth of Jacobean romance.

Vitality high, mentality low; Miss Hurst's 'Back Street.' And I want you to be mine, sloppy boy, and I think you quite divine, sloppy boy, you were very strong and hearty down in pre-war Cincinnati, are you mine, are you mine, sloppy boy? I'm so kind to all who greet me, sloppy boy, and so free with all who meet me, sloppy boy, that you hardly could discover till I take you as a lover, how refined I am at bottom, sloppy boy. This is one of the world's worst books written by a good writer. For Miss Hurst is a good writer. But she will not think before she writes. Her crude vulgar stuff might have been made powerful if she had taken care.

A very good and very complicated detective story might have been improved if Miss Sayers had given to each of the six suspects more distinction. I found it very hard to know one from another. But no criminologist can afford to ignore 'The Five Red Herrings,' the very last word in sophisticated murdering. It may make too much demand on your attention. Could a fault be more forgivable?

The Coles find it so easy to write good detective stories that they are growing saucy and in 'The Great Southern Mystery' throw their inkpot at the face of the public. This secret room in a newly built hotel, these extravagant disclosures and secrecies, those fifty sovereigns—no, not plausible.

'Found Drowned' should have been produced as a short story. It is expanded by back chat into a novel, and not made more probable by reason of the extension. Mr. Phillpotts has something to say, and says it, but at how unnecessary a length!

In his desire to attack vulgarity the author of 'Father Malachy's Miracle' has himself fallen into the slush. Let us be quite frank about things. Dean Inge, here described as Dean Ingot, is an anti-Catholic and did contribute to an evening paper a series of interesting and scholarly articles. About the same time a Catholic priest was contributing to a Sunday paper articles that were neither scholarly nor pertinent, but just broad fun. It is not true, moreover, that the Press of this country is allied in a conspiracy to deprecate Catholicism. That is a Convertite illusion. This is a good and ambitious story—I liked it—but the author is in a funk about something or other, possibly a change of faith.

## REVIEWS

## THE TRAGIC EMPRESS

*The Life of the Empress Eugenie.* By Robert Sencourt. Benn. 21s.

MR. SENCOURT has given us a *Life of the tragic Empress* which leaves all others behind. It is true that his English style is often puzzling and he often gives the impression that his thought has filtered through French before he wrote it for an English audience. But he has had access to the papers of the Duke of Alba and the Viennese archives, and with these, in addition to the bulk of ordinary sources, he has succeeded in making a splendid and well-informed memorial to the Empress, who was born Spanish of the Spanish, reigned and ruled over the French to lie finally in a mausoleum on English soil. The story was always worth telling and until some Gibbon has classicized the nineteenth century in periods of stately prose it will always attract the *condottiere* of literature. Our grandmothers had to find their romances in the passing history of the time, for they had no cinemas nor had the avalanche of stars descended out of the film. They had to live on the real careers of a Byron or a Eugenie de Montijo.

We are now in a position to appreciate the effect that Stendhal's vivid mind must have had upon the two Spanish girls, Eugenie and her sister, whom he imbued with unconventional ideas and the Napoleonic legend. While they were in Paris, he was writing the '*Chartreuse de Parme*.' It is history how one sister became the Duchess of Alba and the second the Empress of the political castaway she had once seen and pitied when he was brought a prisoner to Paris. The moves of destiny make strange reading. A persistent dreamer seems to attract supports and chances that are often denied to a man of pure action. For Louis Napoleon life was a series of *coups* in the intervals of dreaming. He was twenty-four when the *Aiglon* died and he became the heir of the Bonapartes. He secured the French throne less on an appeal to avenge the defeat of Waterloo than on the magic formula that the empire means peace. And this is the great security of all empire in history: the *Pax Romana*, the *Pax Britannica*. Louis must have the credit of imposing a *Pax Gallica* on France within, though abroad he was lured into war after war until he met his destruction. His first act as Emperor was to risk the throne not for a *coup d'état* but for a *coup de passion* and to announce his inclination towards the beautiful Spaniard. To his family and ministers this seemed an act of degrading folly. A Royal princess would have been so much more useful to House and people. There is an unpublished letter which Eugenie wrote to her sister at this moment in which she says: "This man has an irresistible strength of will without being obstinate, capable of sacrifices the greatest and the smallest. He would go into the woods to gather a flower on a wintry night, tearing himself from the fire to go and get wet through to satisfy a woman's whim. The day after he will risk his crown rather than not share it with me. He counts the cost of nothing. He keeps risking his future on a throw and that is why he always wins."

This was an astonishing piece of insight for a girl. Eugenie knew her Louis well and the manoeuvres by which she and her mother led the impressionable Prince into her bedroom by way of the Chapel must always be recorded as a brilliant page in the annals of chaperonage. France was amazed. It was said that the passion for Empire had given way to the Empire of Passion. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, Drouyn de Llouys, did not resign when the young

Empress congratulated him on giving the Emperor the same good advice she had given herself, not to marry her! What is inexplicable is that with all her beauty and charm Eugenie only held the Emperor for six months. He fell back on his mistresses. It was only Queen Victoria's motherly advice that enabled her to have her one and only Princeling. Thenceforth she refused herself to the Emperor, whom Cavour caught with the beautiful Countess Castiglione, who gave the Emperor a boy who died only two years ago in Paris under the name of Dr. Huguenschmidt. The Empress abandoned any attempt to sway the Emperor by the gentler means of physical affection, and in a fate-laden day for Europe she entered up on a political tight-rope high enough to bring all Europe under her vision.

She was obviously at a loss for excitement and was fascinated for a time by the medium Home, who came near to becoming the Rasputin of the Tuileries. No woman has been more fiercely assailed for dabbling in the rumours out of which proceed wars than Eugenie, but in the main she must be acquitted. She did not want the war in the Crimea nor that against Austria, for she loathed Victor Emmanuel, whose successful stride through life was that of an anticlerical caveman. She wanted to come to Austria's assistance against Prussia before it was too late. Her only aim in life was to keep Rome for the Pope and Paris for her son. She had had the presentment that the Prince Imperial would die a violent death from the minute that he quickened. She was a fantastic bundle of moods, furies and ambitions. Though beautiful and melodramatic, she lost the heart of the Emperor and never won that of France. The reason was expressed by one of her Benedictine monks at Farnborough half a century later. She had no heart herself, otherwise she could not have survived. The Emperor retained the supreme arbitrage of Europe. When he allowed her to play on the chessboard, she made the fatal mistake of moving an Emperor to Mexico. After the ghastly collapse of Maximilian, Louis Napoleon never trusted the Empress's advice again, and when she gave the heaven-sent advice to succour Austria against Bismarck, he turned aside and doomed his throne.

Mr. Sencourt gives a great many important omissions from Professor Oncken's *Book on Napoleon the Third*. The Empress's letters to Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador, quoted here for the first time, make this book a primary source for the history of the Empire. The Empress wanted peace, an alliance with Austria and a congress. It is astonishing how clearly she saw in Europe and how darkly in America. But the Emperor would never let the power fall into her hands, although she was the one "man" in his Cabinet. However devotedly she championed the Pope, the Emperor actively built up Italy. The Emperor was all for peaceful diplomacy even after Sadowa, when the Empress almost brought him to the point of threatening the Rhine with an army. But the Emperor changed his mind during the night. A week after Sadowa the Empress wrote to Metternich, "All that is humanly possible I have done. I am answered by the immense responsibility which weighs on him who must decide." She could only beg the beaten Austrians to give the Prussians a good drubbing. In the growing tension the Empire looked more spurious than ever. Nobody was certain of the parentage of Emperor or Empress. He was believed to be the son of a Dutch Admiral, who had loved Queen Hortense, and she was rumoured to be a daughter of Lord Clarendon or Prosper Merimée. The Emperor struggled between the lascivious clutches of Marguerite Belanger and his efforts as an author to finish his book on Caesar. When he interfered in the supreme command it was to obey and seal his approaching fate.



The smash of fate came and no novel reads so excitingly as the regency of the Empress, her escape and her last efforts to negotiate with Bismarck. It is better told in this book than ever before and it leaves the Empress among the great tragediennes of history. The accusation of "sinister stupidity" rolls away from her fame. Whatever be Napoleonic principles and ideas, she had put them into action and played them as far as she was allowed by her morose partner or her more intractable fate. She desired peace with England and with Austria and "her final idea of a Franco-German alliance may serve Europe yet." A good phrase, and after the tragedy of the Prince Imperial has been told, the end of Carey, the unfortunate officer held responsible for his desertion and death, is summed in another: "for a moment's default the agent of Fate paid the price."

Then followed forty years during which the Empress smilingly haunted a Europe, which had so far forgotten the Empire that British officers in her hospital at Farnborough mistook the picture of Napoleon the Third for Poincaré! Nothing is truer than that everything is forgotten in thirty years and that everybody is dead in forty. The Empress all but lived into her hundred years and saw the turn of the tide. Still she left it doubtful whether the great gifts of Fortune, thrones and powers, beauty and vitality, fourscore years and ten are preferable to a short life of happy anonymity. But when the curtain fell, all Europe granted that she had played her part.

SHANE LESLIE

## UNREGENERATE RUSSIA

*Russia: A Social History.* By D. S. Mirsky. Cresset Press. 25s.

*My Russian Memoirs.* By Bernard Pares. Cape. 25s.

*Russia Unveiled.* By Panait Istrati. Allen and Unwin. 10s.

*These Russians.* By W. C. White. Scribners. 10s. 6d.

IF the output of books dealing with a particular subject is to be taken as a reliable guide to the public taste, then everything connected with Russia must be of absorbing interest to the British people at the present time. At any rate, there seems to be no diminution in the steady flow of sizeable books that deal with Russian problems, and presumably some of them show a profit. As to their attraction for the general reader, one would like to think that it lies in the importance of the Bolshevik experiment, though the amount of space that is invariably devoted to sexual demoralization in modern Russia cannot but raise doubts whether the appeal is not, in reality, of a somewhat lower order.

These latest studies are of varying merit. The nature of Prince Mirsky's work is sufficiently indicated by its title, and the author brings his narrative to a close at the Revolution. Sir Bernard Pares is concerned rather with persons than with movements as such, but the reader who studies his pages with care will know more of Russia and her people than if he perused several nominally instructive volumes. M. Istrati and Mr. White, the former a Rumanian and the latter a citizen of the United States, flatly contradict each other, and the reader, having paid his money, will have to take his choice. For Mr. White, the country under Soviet rule is a pleasant enough place, while for M. Istrati, it is a veritable Hell on earth, though, on the face of it, it would appear that the American has not gone into the matter as deeply as the European, and there is a faint aroma of propaganda about his work.

The trouble with most critics and exponents of Bolshevism is that they generally ignore its Russian back-

ground, and for this reason Prince Mirsky's study is to be welcomed. Time and time again some external force or idea has been transplanted to Russia, only to be submerged in the population of that vast country. Rurik and Peter the Great, to quote but two examples, represent a fresh leaven, but before many years had passed it had worked itself out, and Russia was an amorphous mass once more. To understand Bolshevism it is necessary to grasp not only its origin but also its environment, for it is the latter that will determine its fate in the end. Russian history in retrospect can hardly fail to strike the observer as a vast bog, in which great movements have lost their way and finally been engulfed.

In the eighteenth century an atmosphere of real culture surrounds the throne, and both Catherine the Great and Alexander I were discerning patrons of the arts. In most countries this civilizing influence would gradually have spread from the capital to the provinces, until the whole standard had been appreciably raised. In Russia the entire opposite happened, and the ignorance of the masses prevailed over the enlightenment of the Court, until the last Romanoffs were almost as stupid and superstitious as any moujik. Sir Bernard Pares is of the opinion that but for the war the change from autocracy to constitutionalism would have been made peacefully, and his observations on any Russian matter are always entitled to the highest respect, but it is difficult to see where a basis was to be found for any other regime than a tyranny of some sort. The old saw anent scratching a Russian and finding a Tartar is unfortunately only too true.

The more of Russian history and literature one reads the more one is struck by the absence of what, for want of a better word, may be described as backbone in leaders and led alike. Sir Bernard Pares very aptly contrasts the General Strike in this country in 1926 with the drift towards Bolshevism in Russia nine years before. In the one case the ordinary citizen rallied at once to the forces of law and order, while in the other he was content to look on until he found that his own hour had struck. The Russian monarchy, like the French, fell not because of its vices, but because of its weakness (for in neither instance was the general political situation irremediable), though in France feebleness of character is the exception, while in Russia it appears to be the rule. Physically the Russian is often a hero, but morally he is a coward, and this defect has dragged him down throughout his history.

In these circumstances, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that Bolshevism is likely to become a more and more purely Russian affair in its manifestation. It is important, for the reason that any social and political experiment that is tried upon a large section of the human race is important, but the Russification of Communism may in the end prove to be its weakness elsewhere. The world can be conquered by an idea, however mistaken the latter may subsequently prove to be, but it will never be converted by an appeal to forsake civilization for barbarism, and that is what Russia is making of Communism.

We tend to make too much of Russia. When all is said and done, that country has, for its size and population, contributed singularly little to the progress of humanity. Even if Bolshevism is to be reckoned an asset, it owes its origin not to any Russian, but to a Frenchman, Sorel, and a German, Marx. One great composer and a few novelists are a poor contribution to come from a country that reaches from the Baltic to the Behring Strait.

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## NOMINIS UMBRA

*Memoirs of the Crown Princess Cecilie.* Gollancz. 15s.

HERE is the autobiography of one whose life must now consist chiefly of memories. Among all the changes of the last thirteen years, who remembers the altered circumstances of the ex-Crown Princess of Germany? A path of sentiment opens easily to receive this book, and remains open in spite of the stilted gentility of its style (partly due to translation, perhaps), so stiffly ladylike, so obviously compiled from old diaries and with no sense of selection or literary skill to relieve its heavy Teutonic humourlessness.

It is the tragedy of a woman born and educated to one end whom circumstances have deprived of that end and of most of the values she was taught to expect and respect. But she is not altogether to be pitied. Through the reserved pages of the major part of the book one is given many glimpses of happy youthful days at Schwerin and Gellensande, the Russian Court and Villa Wenden at Cannes—a little girl with a pony called Snowflake, and nick-named Sunshine, suppressed giggles and brotherly water traps from upstairs windows, picnic parties, and tree climbing.

These chapters are also an affectionate and somewhat exhausting panegyric of her relatives, her "Victorian" upbringing and her surroundings, of the mould that turned her out ready and willing to perform her duties as Crown Princess and eventually as Empress. She asserts that she fell in love with Crown Prince Wilhelm at first sight and has been the happiest of wives and mothers ever since; that her relations with the Kaiser and Kaiserin were always most affectionate, and that she and her husband were happy and popular in spite of the fact that they, and she in particular, were rigidly excluded from participating in affairs of State. Indeed, she labours the point with a profusion of limited superlatives to the verge of tedium.

The book is surprisingly free from bitterness, but the Princess is silent on such subjects as Great Britain, the flight of the Kaiser, the new Kaiserin, and other interesting but possibly tactless topics. She avoids all thin ice, and this robs the book of much piquancy and interest. The desirability of benevolent despotism allied with a strict Court and family etiquette were bred in her bones, and yet of modern Germany she only says, "A regrettable change of attitude towards all values is gaining ground." Of her own changed status she hardly speaks beyond a few pardonable lamentations over the good old days. Always what the Fatherland wishes comes first. Obviously, of course, she feels very deeply the tragic fate of so many of her Russian relatives and friends, but she has not here shown the power to express anything like the storm and terror and horrific brutality of those unhappy times. Her real feelings are mostly left to the imagination.

It is in the last chapter, however, in which she deals briefly with the period between her marriage and present times, that she comes nearest to the modern reader. Here speaks the fanatical patriot, fully convinced of a wronged and suffering Germany, dragged into the war and robbed of her possessions. She is horrified to think that her husband and father-in-law were branded as militarists. "With his deep Christian piety . . . the Kaiser never thought of mischievously unchaining war."

Poor Princess. From the earliest age, duty, not think-for-yourself, has been her god. One sees the perfect lady, not the intelligent woman. Possibly her 'Memoirs' should be called by another name. They are almost too naïve. If they are spontaneous and neither "inspired" nor censored, they are a most remarkable picture of unquestioning loyalties and "noblesse oblige."

M. SCOTT JOHNSTON

## THE REAL HOMER

*Tradition and Design in the Iliad.* By C. M. Bowra. Humphrey Milford. 12s. 6d.

TO say of Mr. Bowra's brilliant study of the *Iliad* that it is the most satisfying of any that have been published would be to understate the case. Approach this most famous battle-ground of scholarship from any angle you please, and you will find that Mr. Bowra has garnered all the facts and all the theories and winnowed them to such purpose that what remains is pure grain. Best of all, though he in no wise neglects the historical, archaeological and philological aspects of his problem, it is as the great poetry of a great poet that he exalts the noblest as it is the earliest of all epics. Needless to say, Mr. Bowra is a whole-hearted Unitarian. Homer to him is neither a syndicate nor a mere literary Autolycus, but a poet who, taking his material whence he found it, welded his story of 'The Wrath of Achilles' into a tragedy of the human spirit, unsurpassed in its vigour and its truth. Mr. Bowra does not ignore the existence in the poem of repetitions and contradictions; but he demonstrates how very unimportant they generally are, how unnoticeable they must have been to those who heard the poem recited. As for the repetitions, we are given the pregnant suggestion that they are a deliberate device to enable the reciter to stress his points, and his hearers to adjust their minds to that very continuity the repetitions may seem to break. Sometimes, Mr. Bowra points out, the contradictions are apparent rather than real. Hector lays aside his shield or Achilles his spear and presently is discovered holding it again. The taking it up is understood though it is not mentioned; and it is this economy of detail that gives the narrative its majestic flow.

It must not be supposed, however, that Mr. Bowra finds the epic flawless; he recognizes that not always does Homer succeed in adapting his material to his purpose. The catalogue, so valuable to the historian, so distracting to the man of letters, Mr. Bowra seems to think would be better away. Yet it does give, as he admits, a necessary insight into the military might of the Achæan host, and, though it is clearly a traditional account of the first Achæan advance, if it had to be incorporated in 'The Wrath of Achilles' story, its appearance is less arbitrary at the point in which it is inserted than it would have been elsewhere. Here kingdom by kingdom and king by king the Achæans are marshalled; and those among the poet's hearers who claimed to have ancestral connexion with them must have been elated by the recital. Mr. Bowra makes many apt comparisons between the *Iliad* and such poems as 'Beowulf' and the 'Song of Roland,' and the 'Nibelungenlied,' and by means of these comparisons demonstrates how far apart was the thought that informed them. Homer sang of a heroic age, but his own thought was the thought of a more peaceful and pitying time. By the sheer power of his creative imagination he takes us to that older world, where personal honour is of supreme importance and death in comparison is as nothing. But though he shows us this world with superb clarity, he is not of it, and in the process of describing it he modifies it. Defeat with honour to him is still defeat, tragic rather than glorious; death is an irreparable and uncompensated disaster.

Mr. Bowra, discussing the curious attitude of Homer to the gods, his cheerful anthropomorphism, his respect, tempered by curiosity and humour, which made the immortals both ridiculous and impressive, holds that this view was traditional to the stories, not native to the Ionian mind. But may it not have been that in the Ionia of the tenth century men had already become inquiring and sceptical, and that religion counted for very little in the Greek Colonies until it had become



permeated by the great Asian mysteries of Orpheus and Adonis. Hipponax was far more blasphemous than Homer, and it was in Ionia, only a little later, that science and philosophy were born. In this light the description of the power of Olympus may be considered a sop for the groundlings, the humorous interludes an amusement for the wise. In any case Homer saw clearly that his heroes were infinitely nobler than the gods they worshipped.

With regard to the historicity of the epic Mr. Bowra accepts, as Professor Myres has accepted, the genealogies as substantially realistic, and the Achæan confederacy under Agamemnon as a reasonable illustration of such leadership in battle as the peoples of the isles must have accepted in their great concerted attacks upon Egypt during the reigns of Menepthah and Rameses III. But the siege puzzles him. What would such a confederacy as Homer describes be doing on the Hellespont? He rightly dismisses the quite untenable theory that the heroes were interested in trade. Yet trade may have entered into the matter. What was Troy doing on the Hellespont? That it was an outpost of the Mycenaean civilization is generally admitted, and we may assume that it was not situated at the entrance to the Black Sea for nothing. If Troy had been a trading post, then its wealth alone would have been an attraction to the hosts that had overwhelmed that civilization in the mainland. Mr. Bowra thinks that if the Achæan siege is historic, then the war was part of that great avalanche of peoples that broke the Hittite Empire of Cappadocia, and was only stayed on the frontiers of Egypt, and he may be right; a century more or less in the date of a great legend is neither here nor there. Some day haply we may know more, for Anatolia has so far only been tickled by the excavator.

It is impossible in the space of a review to cover the whole of so exhaustive a book; but no matter from what aspect he discusses the Iliad—its language, its construction, its near and its remoter parentage—Mr. Bowra returns always to the fact that what we are considering is a work of art, the consummate masterpiece of a great poet; and his final words make a fitting conclusion to the long sustained and exciting argument. Homer is called to judgment with Dante and Shakespeare, and Mr. Bowra writes: "With the first he shares an unfaltering vision, with the second a boundless sympathy and understanding. Beside him the ballads are, after all, simple and perhaps childish, beside him much modern poetry is insincere and sentimental. Only the greatest of all poets can give this union of simplicity and majesty. Of all combinations it is the rarest and the most perilous. Homer, living in the aftermath of a great age and endowed with the unanalysable gift of writing great poetry, succeeded in being the perfect master of the intellect and imagination, and, calling up from the past a world which he thought had perished, recreated it, this time for ever."

### WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

*The Story of Surnames.* By William Dodgson Bowman. Routledge. 7s. 6d.

"WHAT is your Name?" is the terrific opening question of the Catechism. Do children still have to learn it by heart on Sunday mornings, before their parents deem them to be ripe—it is the Prayer-Book word—for Morning Service? They made me, and I have never regretted it, for there is fine prose in the Catechism, particularly those stately cadences that build up the tremendous Duty-toward-your-Neighbour. The boy who has been made to learn the Catechism has already received, unknown to himself, and the better for being unknown, a great lesson, an unforgettable draught, of English literature—to say nothing of a set

of ethical maxims the wisdom of which the rest of his life will force him, willy-nilly and in the fine Biblical sense of the word, to "prove." It should be learned very carefully by rote or it will lead to ridiculous misconceptions: sometimes funny (as when my brother, who had a treacherous verbal memory, confounded the family Catechist by replying to the question—"What is your duty toward God?" with "To love Him as myself"); sometimes serious, as when, a year or so ago, some correspondent in *The Times* built up a fantastic charge against the Church of England's teaching upon the mistaken, but not uncommon, notion that the last duty toward his neighbour taught to an Anglican child is to perform it "in that state of life in which it has pleased God to call him." The word in the Catechism is not "has" but *shall*—to the complete confusion of the Bolshevik objector! All the same, there is something in the tone of the questions, not in the answers, that seems forbidding, as if they had been drafted, say, by Mr. Murdstone or by Mr. Dombey or by Mr. Barrett.

Just think, for a moment, how the pointed question "What is your Name?" completely depends for its meaning upon the questioner's accent and the tone of his voice.

At a party we ask it, with a deprecating smile, of the charming person to whom we have been inaudibly introduced; in the courts, by a policeman advancing to the car in which we have met with an accident, by the lawyer, whom we have consulted over an affidavit or a conveyance or a will, it is put in varyingly subdued tones of menace; but, in every case, we feel that to ask a man his name is to ask a very direct, searching and private question about him. Thus it comes that only very strong motives—in order to inherit a property, to make a common name seem uncommon by tagging on another barrel to it, to disguise a race or a nationality, to dissociate the namesake from some social stigma or

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the like—will induce a man to change his surname. In the beginning was his Surname, and the surname is the sacred symbol of his proper self. Is there anyone, who ever thinks at all, who is indifferent to his name, incurious of its origin, without interest in surnames generally?

I am afraid that there is, for, once we look about us, we are forced to admit that interest in names, and even in family history, is confined to the comparatively literate and is very largely bound up with notions (true or fantastic) of rank, lineage and property. Not one poor person in a thousand knows anything of any ancestor earlier than his grandparents. You will meet servant-girls, shop-assistants, all the men of and below the rank of sergeant in the Army, who have not the haziest notion of their family history or of their forbears; and who are surprised that they should be expected to know anything of these misty, oral records that seem to them naturally to die in every two, or at most three, generations. This state of helpless and contented darkness, however, is matched by the often excessive pride and superstition of the more propertied, so that works like 'Armorial Families,' a category really highly technical (for what is, precisely, an "armigerous gent," since authorities differ?) but apparently invitingly loose, command a large sale, and American publishers hope for an enormous subscription when they send to the unfortunate recipients a prospectus purporting to announce the Complete History of the family of Harris, Robinson, or Brown. A surname is something to conjure with, even if a question about it conjures up the social superstitions of the rich and the astonishment and confusion of the poor. To the former, the late Dr. Horace Round was a holy terror.

Mr. Bowman's is a short guide to this fascinating subject, of which, as he reminds us, Bardsley's 'Dictionary' and Guppy's 'Homes of Family Names' are the librarian's familiar standby. Who has not meditated on the name of Guppy (which I once chose for that of a newspaper millionaire in a little tale about the manufacture of Public Opinion)? Mr. Bowman has piously included it in his index, where some 2,500 entries are to be found, and he tells us that it came from a foreign clan, the Goupés, who settled in Wiltshire to the happiness of all with ears to enjoy the Englished form. This example will give a clue to the method of the book. It divides names by origin into Local, Patronymics, Nicknames—Lamb need not have invented Hoggesflesh apparently!—names of craftsmen and officials, such as Wheelwright or Reeve, names of the celebrated in song or story, from Jubb (Job) to Potts (Philpot, out of Philip). The derivations I take gratefully on trust, for etymology is treacherous ice, and such terminals as that of Hay-wood apparently may be derived from Hayward, the hay-keeper. On every page some amusing find may present itself. The ap-Owens and ap-Evans, who became Bowens and Bevans, suggest that the etymology of names might be learnt easily in an endless rhyming jingle, and, though many familiar names are absent from the index—Barlow, Shakespeare, Wyatt, and so forth—if you read the book, which is very readable, the clue will probably be found on another page. I have read it with unflinching pleasure, and have learned enough from it to make fresh but plausible etymological blunders of my own. OSBERT BURDETT

### VOTES FOR WOMEN

*The Suffragette Movement.* By Sylvia Pankhurst. Longmans, 21s.

I CAN just remember being shown the blackened hulk of a pavilion burned by Suffragettes in Regent's Park, and being told that they also broke windows, blew up pillar-boxes and destroyed treasured paintings. This book, far from dispelling the atmosphere of derisive

terror through which I then regarded them, furnishes innumerable examples of the hysteria, obstinacy and narrow-mindedness of the militants.

The history of the Movement, which is given in great detail, is that of a continual division into two streams: that of sober, thinking women genuinely anxious for political responsibility, and that of snobbish, idle females explosive with pent-up energy and consumed with the lust of self-advertisement. The first Suffrage society was founded in 1865: twenty-four years later, owing to its refusal to include married women in its schemes, the first split came with the foundation of the Women's Franchise League. This worked in close co-operation with the I.L.P. for many years, but in 1907 Mrs. Pankhurst deserted it because the avowed aim of Labour was adult suffrage rather than the enfranchisement of a few property-holding women; a year later she relieved her followers of the burden of democracy by declaring herself the military dictator of the W.S.P.U., whose more intelligent members left it and formed the Women's Freedom League. In 1913 her policy of "secret militancy" alienated the Pethick-Lawrences, long her colleagues, and in 1914, declaring that she did not want the help of working women, she expelled the East London branch from her organization. It is hard, in this changed time and atmosphere, to understand the attitude of the militants, whose taut nervous tension Miss Pankhurst so strenuously conveys. Perhaps their desire for violent direct action was as much a product of the boredom and repression characterizing an industrial epoch as was that masculine irritation which found its release in the co-operation of war. That the two were akin is obvious. Until August, 1914, the W.S.P.U. had not only narrowed its aim repeatedly to one fanatic end, the vote for the middle-class woman, but had also declared that "women stand for peace." On the outbreak of war, however, its energies were immediately

## THIS WEEK

### The God We Worship

By CHANCELLOR R. J. CAMPBELL

### Dr. Bell and Sunday Observance

Not Entirely Opposed to Opening of Cinemas

### Urgency of Home Reunion

Address by the Rev. PAUL GIBSON

### The Observance of Lent By DEAN INGE

### Archbishop Lord Davidson

Monument at Lambeth Palace

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Family Columns

Children's Columns

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devoted to demanding conscription and to presenting men with white feathers.

Perhaps centuries of Puritanism, with its insistence on sacrifice as an end in itself, had fogged the minds of these women to prevent their seeing how militancy and self-torture were likely to defeat their own ends, since no self-respecting Government finds it easy to make concessions, however reasonable, under the shadow of coercion. There seems to be no other explanation of their blindness. Again, it is difficult to understand the indignation aroused by forcible feeding and the "Cat and Mouse" Act. Only three courses were open to the Government: illegally to release the hunger-strikers and to endanger the rest of the community; to let them starve; and to adopt the action they did.

This vivid book is not only valuable as a study at first hand of a vigorous historical movement and of the gaining in quietness of a noble object unattainable by violent methods: it jostles with the youthful personalities of people now famous—Snowden opposing the abolition of half-time work for Lancashire children of school age; Margaret Bondfield, vivacious and attractive, realizing the futility of political action, divorced from economic power, and urging female industrial organization rather than demands for the vote, and Lansbury resigning his seat in support of the Suffragette movement.

The later chapters are, moreover, extremely entertaining and exciting: whatever one's views on militancy, it is impossible not to be stirred by Miss Pankhurst's adventures, her hair-breadth escapes in disguise, her hiding in disused stables, and, most picturesque of all, her drive, tied up in a sack among sacks of wood, past the very men who were looking for her.

RENEE HAYNES

### SOME MODERN POETS

*Poems.* By Roy Campbell. Hours Press. 30s.

*The Armed Muse.* By Herbert Palmer. Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.

*Poems.* By W. H. Auden. Faber and Faber. 2s. 6d.

*Winter Movement.* By Julian Bell. Chatto and Windus. 5s.

*The Bright World.* By Charles Norman. Dent. 4s. 6d.

*The Glance Backward.* By Richard Church. Dent. 8s. 6d.

*The Signature of Pain.* By Alan Porter. Cobden-Sanderson. 6s.

*Early Poems.* By Humbert Wolfe. Blackwell. 6s.

ROY CAMPBELL is indisputably himself. Echoes of Eliot, echoes of this poet and that cannot be pounced on and docketed in his verse. He has an originality of language, a thick-muscled punch of sound and colour, an exotic aptness of metaphor which make him a joy to read and each new book (so far) a reviewer's festival. And from that I do not exclude 'The Wayzgoose.'

This small folio in sumptuous red boards rather supplements his last volume than marks a new stride in development. It is less various than 'Adamastor,' which held the cream of his recent work, but it contains several good poems: 'The Louse Catchers,' 'A Sleeping Woman,' 'The Albatross,' and 'La Clemence,' with its rich opening:

When with white wings and rhyme of rapid oars  
The sisters of your speed, as fleet as you,  
With silver scythes, the reapers of the blue,  
Turn from their harvest to the sunset shores.

### SCRUTINIES. Vol. 2

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### WISHART

As for Mr. Campbell's satire, carcasses less moribund deserve his harpoon, but for all that I can safely leave it to the staid in this kindly, log-rolling, hypocritically spoken age to wrinkle their noses and murmur "bad taste" at the two selections from his 'Georgiad.' I enjoyed every lint of their strength and dexterity.

Mr. Palmer's Pegasus has something of the zebraic, fiery nature of Mr. Campbell's, but takes more spurring into a gallop, and more often bucks and leaves him flat in the dust; but when he holds the saddle firmly (Mr. Campbell rides bare-back) he has the supreme merit of not being dull.

'The Armed Muse' is uneven. It contains little of Mr. Palmer at his best (as in 'The Offspring of Heaven and Hell'), some of him at his worst ('Christmas Gifts'; 'The Elfin Lover'), but also several satiric pieces which are enjoyable.

It excited me not half so much as the next two volumes in the list. Irony, hopelessness, a spirit of rusting mechanism, of ditch pools of black water, of life in endless rows of carefully rectangular brick, live in the verse of Mr. Auden, whose power had already been suggested in 'Oxford Poetry' and 'The Criterion.'

There can be no doubt that Eliot has influenced him spiritually, and to some extent stylistically, though Mr. Auden has pressed his own signet into the wax. Despite chasms in the logical sequence and the verbal compression as of a high-power steam boiler, which give his verse (in the sinister 'Charade,' particularly) a more than surface obscurity, Mr. Auden seems to me genuine, to be achieving a twentieth-century idiom in new movement and new ways. The idiom is ugly and depressing, but the things it interprets are ugliness and depression. Certainly, Mr. Auden must be read. About Mr. Bell I am not so confident. He is also young, Cambridge for Oxford, and no member of the school of chasms and concrete. His manner is novel, his matter pastoral, his inspiration Richard Jefferies, but I would go so far as to say that there is not a poem in all his pages, for whatever poetry may be, it is not just accurate or even selective description.

Yet his verses are never Georgian or dull. They have a sudden way of making one see freshly a bush of sullen aglets or the crimson of a red underwing, and their language, which reminds me faintly of Hopkins and Wilfred Owen mixed together, is an earnest that Mr. Bell may produce something of greater significance for his time.

'The Bright World,' which comes from America, and is Mr. Norman's second book of verse, is the last of these eight that I can honestly commend and that in spite of its well-worn 'Houses to Let,' prowling cats and emptiness and rather pseudo-Eliot. However obvious its source, the long, ably sustained 'Preludes' is distinctive and entertaining. Mr. Church's verse, which is neither new-fashioned nor old, I find orderly, weak and dull, and dullness is the great sin of poetry.

Both Mr. Church and Mr. Porter seem determined to think at all costs, but the value of their thinking would scarcely fill an ink pot. Mr. Porter has a certain neatness, and, though he slips often into bathos, he is sometimes readable (perhaps I ought to add that five companion poets, Mr. Blunden, the same Mr. Church, Mr. Force Stead, Mr. Aaronson, and Mr. Isaacs think him a finer fellow and say as much in a quintet of commendatory puffs, one stanza of which boldly begins, 'Alan, in mood and music Coleridge's peer').

To Mr. Wolfe's early 'London Sonnets' and 'Shylock Reasons with Mr. Chesterton,' I travelled back hoping to find that he was poet once before he took to facile versifying in best-sellers and anthologies. But no. . . .

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

Correspondents are asked to type or to write their letters on one side only of the paper. Very heavy pressure on space compels us also to request that they keep their letters as short as possible.

## SHORTER NOTICES

*The Economic Life of Soviet Russia.* By Calvin B. Hoover. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

THIS book is a careful study by an American Professor of economic conditions in Russia, and it contains much useful information that is not readily accessible elsewhere. The author has gone into his subject in great detail, and his knowledge of it is clearly encyclopædic. Not the least interesting part of the work is a minute account of the Five Years' Plan, concerning the ultimate success of which Professor Hoover is on the whole optimistic. He points out, however, that politics are inclined to play too large a part in Russian industry, and Communist zeal often excuses business incompetence. At times, the author is rather apt to concentrate upon the purely economic factor to the exclusion of the human, though he is undoubtedly right in saying that the success or failure of Stalin and his colleagues will in the end depend upon their accuracy in fixing the breaking-point of the Russian people. As a compiler of statistics Professor Hoover is obviously more in his element than as a critic, and the result is that this study is rather a work of reference than one to be read from cover to cover.

*The Girdle of Chastity: A Medico-Historical Study.* By Eric John Dingwall. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

THE passion of jealousy, with its monstrous sense of ownership, has taken no more extreme form than the padlocking of the wife's person with one of those girdles that may be seen at the Musée de Cluny and in other museums. Dr. Dingwall has devoted a monograph to the subject, the first in English,



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though casual references abound. The girdle seems to have been introduced into Europe from the East by the returning Crusaders, and to have had a certain currency in France, but more in Italy, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It is curious to learn, however, that the practice has never wholly died, for aggrieved women have sought the aid of the courts until the present day; the latest instance occurred in Paris in 1910. A German woman applied for a patent for one such belt as late as 1903; in 1848 a Scottish doctor (or quack) published a book in favour of the practice; and inquiries are still said to reach instrument-makers both in London and in America. The present history has additional chapters on the girdle in literature and in the law-courts. The footnotes abound in references; there are numerous illustrations, and an ample list of authorities. All this must have involved much research into obscure volumes, for the subject is of strictly limited interest, and the literature that has touched upon it has been mainly facetious. Erotic jealousy is a very stale joke, and the stories that turn upon it, from Shakespeare's downward, have lost their attraction long ago. The author has done his best to be comprehensive, but it is doubtful if the subject was worth elaborate pains.

*A Tribute to Michael Faraday.* By Rollo Appleyard. Constable. 7s. 6d.

A HUNDRED years ago this year Michael Faraday, working at the Royal Institution, made the discovery which made man Lord of the Dynamos. Put into the simplest words his discovery—no chance one, but the result of years of experiment and research—was that of obtaining electricity from magnetism, which made possible the conversion of mechanical power into electrical energy. What that discovery meant, what we owe to Faraday to-day, hardly needs emphasis. It is only necessary to try to envisage a world without dynamos—without tubes or telegraphs or electric light, without power to run our motor cars or our vacuum cleaners—to realize what lay behind the unemotional, coldly scientific entry which Faraday made in his notebook on August 29, 1831. That entry may be read in Mr. Appleyard's book. Like much else in his technical descriptions of Faraday's experiments it will be largely Greek to the layman who knows nothing of the mysteries of the machine which makes his motor-car go.

But this tribute to the bookseller's boy who became a benefactor to humanity has its human as well as its scientific side. It shows us Faraday enjoying himself otherwise than in his work in the laboratory of the Royal Institution: though even there he could forget his researches while he played with his friends like a boy, and for exercise rode round the Theatre of the Institution on a velocipede, which was then a new mode of progression. He sang and he played on the flute; with his friends Garcia, the singer, and Malibran and their families he would play charades or go on a water picnic up the Thames. There is one very human portrait of Faraday as, at the time he made his great discovery, when a wire conveying a current was caused to move round a magnet, he "danced about the revolving metals, his face beaming with joy . . . as he exclaimed 'There they go! there they go! we have succeeded at last.' After this discovery he proposed to his attendant a visit to the theatre, and gave him the option of which theatre it was to be. 'Oh! let it be Astley's to see the horses.' So to Astley's they went." There is a very human interest, too, about some of the entries in Faraday's commonplace book. He himself was interested in so many other things than electricity and magnetism. One page from it should have a particular interest for American readers of Mr. Appleyard's well-planned and timely tribute. It gives a recipe for making gin!



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The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the acrostic appears.

## RULES

1. The book must be chosen when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 466

Last of our Thirty-fourth Quarter.

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, March 12)

WHY DO WOLVES TEAR LAMBS "WITH WICKED JAW,"  
INSTEAD OF FEEDING ON GRASS AND STRAW?

1. Cords of this kind will stand a heavy strain.
2. Pith of the place where darkies most feel pain.
3. Father of flock from pointed poem part.
4. Speaks to our Western kinsmen's inmost heart.
5. On lambs, not lettuces, such beasts must dine.
6. Dogs would, for water if you gave them wine.
7. Behead what naughty boys both get and give.
8. Sirs, without me how could your Gaucho live?
9. 'Tis this that does it, proverb-mongers say.
10. Such is the owl, no lover of the day.
11. This make thou not thyself, the PREACHER cries.
12. Cheat you he will, whether he sells or buys.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 464

S no B  
T umul I  
J ugle R  
A ble-bodie D  
Ma jest iC  
E l Aborate<sup>1</sup>  
S aplin G  
S criptur E  
P ro W<sup>2</sup>  
A ngor A  
R efusa L  
K aya K<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A borate is a salt of boric acid.  
<sup>2</sup> Youth at the prow and Pleasure at the helm.

GRAY: 'The Bard,'  
ever been written, it would have been one long series of feats of courage and fortitude; and how much moving self-sacrifice and devotion to others would have had to be recorded! How many deeds of heroism have been irrecoverably forgotten! And this is the people whom we Europeans have called worthless and cowardly, and have thought ourselves entitled to despise."  
'Eskimo Life,' by Fridtjof Nansen, p. 77.

King Charles II, the "merry monarch," was fond of feeding the birds in the cages which gave Birdcage Walk its name.

ACROSTIC No. 464.—The winner is Mr. A. de V. Blathwayt, Bath and County Club, Bath, who has selected as his prize 'Recollections of a Bulgarian Diplomatist's Wife,' by Anna Stancioff, published by Hutchinson and reviewed in our columns by H. Charles Woods on February 21 under the title 'Balkan Politics.' Eleven other solvers named this book, eighteen chose 'Through the Caucasus to the Volga,' nine 'Smith of Birkenhead,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., E. Barrett, Bimbo, Boote, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Charles G. Box, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Bertram R. Carter, Carlton, Miss Carter, Clam, Maud Crowther, Fossil, Gean, Glamis, Iago, Miss Kelly, Madge, Martha, A. M. W. Maxwell, Met, Mrs. Milne, M. I. R., N. O. Sellam, Peter, F. M. Petty, Rand, Raven, N. C. Sainsbury, Shorwell, Shrub, H. L. Simpson, Sisyphus, St. Ives, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden, T. Hartland.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Barberry, Miss Barnard, Ruth Carrick, Carrog, J. Chambers, D. L., J. Fincham, G. M. Fowler, Jeff, Lillian, Mrs. Lole, Mango, J. F. Maxwell, Penelope, Rabbits, Trinculo, Tyro, W. H. B. B., Mrs. Violet G. Wilson, Capt. W. R. Wolseley.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Ali, Bolo, Boris, Ernest Carr, Lady Mottram, Rho Kappa. All others more.

Light 8 baffled 13 solvers; Light 4, 9; Light 6, 7; Light 11, 3; Lights 7 and 10, 1.

To facilitate the checking of Solutions, competitors are requested to write them on a HALF-SHEET of NOTE-PAPER.

# REFUGE

## ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED

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### Summary of Directors' Report for the year ended 31st December, 1930

**Total Income for year £11,180,351**, being an increase of **£395,478** over the previous year.

**Total Assets at end of the year, £49,368,247**, being an increase of **£3,422,542** during the year.

**Total Claims Paid in the year, £4,542,969**. The Company has paid **£66,023,623** in claims since its establishment.

**The Total Assurances existing on December 31st, 1930**, amounted to **£66,483,566** in the Ordinary Branch and **£93,046,796** in the Industrial Branch.

**Reversionary Bonus of £2 - 4s. per cent.** again declared on all Ordinary Branch participating Policies.

**Industrial Branch: £164,948 Profits allocated to certain classes of Policyholders.**

The Premium Income in the Ordinary Branch was **£4,011,168**, being an increase of **£93,157** over the previous year; and in the Industrial Branch it was **£4,941,590**, being an increase of **£202,416**.

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J. WILCOCK HOLGATE, *Chairman.*



## THE CITY

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

DO our railways enjoy the best management possible? is a question that naturally occurs after a year of bad showings such as 1930. At the London Midland & Scottish meeting last week this subject was discussed. While stockholders must be unanimous in their satisfaction that they have a chairman of the calibre of Sir Josiah Stamp, it would seem that London, Midland & Scottish shareholders are not unanimous in their approval as to the formation of their board. Unfortunately, when shareholders criticize the action of the directorates of companies in which they are interested, their remarks appear to take a personal turn. While there is obviously no useful purpose in shareholders hurling abuse at their directors and shouting down speakers, one can sympathize to a certain extent with their dissatisfaction. The fact that as proprietors they are entitled to indulge in honest criticism appears frequently to be overlooked.

If we analyse the directorate of the London, Midland & Scottish Railway we find that last year it consisted of twenty-two directors. These include many well-known and very able men. If we turn up their records in the Directory of Directors we see that last year these twenty-two directors sat on a total of 166 boards, or an average of over 7 directorates each. Further, it will be noticed that five of these directors were on no less than 81 boards—that is slightly over an average of 16 each. Without in any way belittling their undoubted ability, one cannot help wondering whether this multiplicity of interests prevents them from devoting all the time that is necessary to their duties as directors of this great, if unfortunate, railway. Would better results be achieved if, instead of a large directorate of this nature, of whom the greater part obviously can only devote a very little time to the company's affairs, its place was taken by a smaller directorate devoting much more time? Turning to the question of directors' fees, in many cases these must be very inadequate. If smaller boards were the order of the day, then each director could receive more substantial remuneration without increasing the cost to the company.

The question of the management of our Industrial companies is an extremely important one. Do these include a sufficient number of those who really know the intricacies of the business concerned, and do those responsible for the formation of these boards place too much importance on obtaining the services of bank directors? Is an able banker (assuming that all bank directors are able), necessarily the most suitable person obtainable for an Industrial directorate? One cannot help wondering if this is the case. Bankers have to be conservative and very careful. Does their presence on an Industrial board tend to cramp the enterprise and cause it to lack initiative, and do they suffer from a lack of mental elasticity? These questions are not applicable in particular to the board of the Railway company above referred to. They can be applied generally, and, in view of the importance of the question, it is suggested that it is one that deserves careful consideration.

### RAILWAY OUTLOOK

Now that the Railway meetings have been held, one is able to visualize the position, and endeavour to form some opinion as to the prospects of Home Railway stocks. Naturally, the prosperity of our railways is very largely dependent on general industrial conditions. We

have endured a long period of depression. Indications, however, are not lacking that an improvement has set in, and if this proves to be the case Home Railways will benefit very materially. Those who are justified in taking the element of risk entailed should consider locking away certain Home Railway counters, not with the object of snatching a quick profit, but for capital appreciation over a period of years. Such stocks as the London & North Eastern 4 per cent. Second Preference and the Southern Railway Deferred ordinary appear suitable for this purpose.

### THE UNDERGROUND

Perusal of Lord Ashfield's remarks at the general meeting of the Underground Railways, recently held, appears in striking contrast to the results of the heavy railways. While, admittedly, the enterprises are very different, inasmuch as the Underground, being a passenger-carrying company, does not feel industrial depression to anything like the extent of the main line railways, whose traffics are greatly influenced by goods transport, one cannot help feeling that the management of the Underground has been largely responsible for the great success it has achieved. The attention of readers of these notes has, in the past, frequently been drawn to Underground Ordinary shares, which have been described as a sound lock-up investment, an opinion which need not be modified.

### CEREBOS

Another company which has recently issued a very satisfactory report is that of Cerebos Ltd. Profits for the year ended November 30, 1930, amounting to £226,218, compare with £213,232 for the previous year. Shareholders are to receive a final dividend of 30 per cent., tax free, which is at the same rate as for the preceding twelve months, and which shows a satisfactory gross yield at the present price. Holders of Cerebos shares, apparently, have no cause for anything but satisfaction in their holding.

### NORTHAMPTON ELECTRIC

Shareholders in the Northampton Electric Light & Power Company are being given the opportunity of taking up further shares in that enterprise in the proportion of one new share for every seven shares held at 32s. 6d. per share. While this issue constitutes a bonus to existing shareholders, it is suggested that those able so to do should take up their quota of new shares, for by so doing they will increase their holding in a thoroughly sound company, the future of which shows indications of being both satisfactory and prosperous.

### HARRODS AND SELFRIDGES

Despite general conditions, it is gratifying to see from the reports of the large store companies for 1930 the satisfactory results that have been achieved. That those responsible for these companies are still showing initiative and enterprise is exemplified by the action of Harrods in purchasing the stock and goodwill of Shoolbreds, and by Selfridges in announcing their intention of starting within a month or two a comprehensive scheme for the enlargement of their premises.

TAURUS

### COMPANY MEETING

In this issue will be found a report of the meeting of the London Tin Corporation.

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YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1930

### ORDINARY BRANCH

New Sums Assured - - -	- £18,814,714
Total Sums Assured and Bonus - -	- £195,809,243
Premiums Received - - -	- £11,561,834
Payments to Policyholders - - -	- £10,748,829
Policyholders' share of profits - -	- £2,567,217
Reversionary Bonus - - -	- { £2.12% Whole Life Assurances £2.6% Endowment Assurances

### INDUSTRIAL BRANCH

New Sums Assured - - -	- £66,104,404
Total Sums Assured and Bonus - -	- £488,217,702
Premiums Received - - -	- £18,121,855
Payments to Policyholders - - -	- £11,085,526
Policyholders' share of profits - -	- £3,712,388
Reversionary Bonus - - -	- £1.14%

### GENERAL BRANCH

Premiums Received - - -	- £1,960,189
Payments to Policyholders - - -	- £1,154,520

PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS IN 1930 . £22,988,875

*The*  
**PRUDENTIAL**  
**ASSURANCE COMPANY LTD.**

(Copies of Chairman's Speech and Directors' Report sent on application.)



## Company Meeting

## LONDON TIN CORPORATION

TIN PRODUCTION RATIONALIZED AT LAST

## SATISFACTORY OPERATIONS

The Annual General Meeting of the London Tin Corporation, Ltd., was held on March 4 at River Plate House, Finsbury Circus, E.C., Mr. John Howeson (chairman of the company) presiding.

The Chairman said: My lords, ladies and gentlemen, the world in general has passed through the most difficult year within the recollections of most of us; the tin industry, in particular, was compelled to acquiesce in a continuous price recession that eventually carried tin down to a level wholly unremunerative to the industry. As recently as eighteen months ago, its utter lack of organization would have left the industry completely at the mercy of every successive wave.

In the Dutch East Indies two single producers supply annually as much as half the quantity of tin that is produced in the whole of the Federated Malay States. Apart altogether from the question of relative costs, this means that the Dutch are so well organized as to be capable of surviving under all circumstances conditions which would bring the greater part of Malaya to its knees.

British producers, therefore, have just cause to commend the recently concluded international convention to which the Dutch authorities are parties. Without that agreement, and with a continuance of the futile process of sectional annihilation, a large part of the Empire production would have been bankrupted.

As shareholders in a corporation that controls by far the largest body of British production, we have good reason to acclaim the victory that has been won, the victory of sane and progressive counsels.

## THE ACCOUNTS

Adverting now to the accounts, you will observe that the net profit transferred to appropriation account is £274,200, and after taking in the balance as at September 30, 1929, and deducting last year's appropriations and income tax, the sum available for allocation is £312,752. This sum is carried to the balance sheet.

The other liabilities in the balance sheet are: On capital account £2,597,105; fixed loans £465,000, of which £400,000 are due to our associates and principal shareholders, the Anglo-Oriental Mining Corporation; creditors £83,799; and current loans and deposits £437,940, which have since been reduced by nearly £135,000 and now stand at £303,073.

The assets are with one exception all tangible assets. They consist of investments, mining properties and equipment, mining stores, loans and debtors, and cash and Government securities. The only intangible asset is the expenditure incurred in connection with the several amalgamations completed during the year. The total sum in question—namely, £25,847—we propose with your approval to write off out of current profits. The balance sheet will then be entirely free of any assets of indeterminate value.

## OPTIMISM NOW JUSTIFIED

As to the future, I think that we may fairly take a more optimistic view than would have been justifiable at any time during the past eighteen months of unrelieved stress and tribulation.

In 1929 the signatory countries produced 162,000 tons, or 13,500 tons of tin a month; their initial allowance under the quota scheme is fixed on the basis of 125,000 tons, or 10,500 tons of tin monthly, which constitutes a decrease of 30,000 tons; that is 3,000 tons a month. This is a very stringent cut, the more so as the over-production during the whole of last year was only 14,000 tons, a figure, moreover, which includes two large transfers of accumulated stock—some 3,000 tons from the Straits Settlements in April, and a like quantity from the Dutch East Indies at the end of December. Compared even with the heavily restricted production of 1930, the initial quota output of the four countries will show an additional reduction of more than 20,000 tons, and, while it is hard to believe that consumption will not gradually regain some at least of the ground lost last year, it is quite impossible to credit that there can be any further substantial relapse.

The immediate objects of the scheme are stability and a fair price, and the intelligent handling of this stock situation is therefore a necessary corollary to the regulation of output and export, and I have good reason for saying that the leading producers in all countries will take steps to make sure that this important task is not left unfulfilled.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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## The March

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